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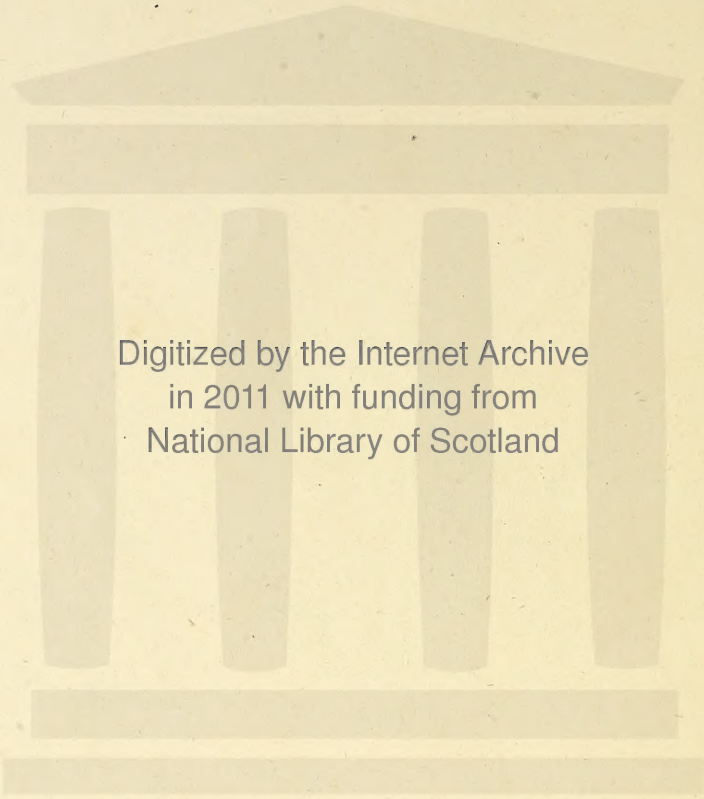

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A Collection

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VOL: the second.

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A Table of the Songs in this Volume

As Fidlers and Archers 19
Ah my fickle Jenny 32
At Sr Osyth by the Mill 40
Ah Cruel bloody fate 50
As Cupid roguishly one Day 52-53
Ah pretty tuneful flutring thing 54
At setting day & rising morn 63
At the brow of a Hill 73
Attend ye ever tuneful Swains 81
At the Close of the Day 83
At Upton on the Hill 112
At the Silent Evening Hour 127
As Damon in a Summers Day 192
As Cœlia in her garden Stray'd 199
As Cloe on Flowers 140 141

Blest as the Immortal Gods is he 9
By dumpld Brook and 34
By the gayly circling Glass 35
Blab not what you ought to 56
Bacchus must now his Power 84
Bright Author of my 100 101
Blooming Bacchus 154

Can there be ye Powers above 14
Charmer hear your faithful Lover 23
Come Lassie 24
Claudio to manly Sports 55
Corn Love be contrould by Advice 66
Come dear Amanda 67
Cleon whose Heart 128
Cœlia by those Smiling Graces 171

Damon if thou wilt believe me 31
Delia in whose Form 137
Dear Unrelenting Cruel Fair 153
Fairest of the Virgin Throng 122
Fly Care to the Winds 41
From Barren Caledonian Lands 155
Fill each Bowl 179
Fill me a Bowl 180 181
Florella Lovely Nymph 186
Fast by the margin of the Sea 191
From Clime to Clime 198

Go Rose my Cloas bosom grace 30
Give me a Bottle 57
Good Mother 143
Give me Health give me Wine 150
Go Happy Paper 163
God Save great George 167
Goddess of Ease 178

Hence thou Deceiver 3
Hark away tis the merry 6
Hard fate to Sigh 17
How happy I liv'd 61
Hail Windsor 98

How frail alas 99
How happy's the Maid 123
How few amongst 168
How long Eliza 187

In vain the Force of 7
Jolly Mortals 37
If Love be a fault 72
If Beauties Lure 78
In vain Philander 90
I Love I doat 94
I wish and long 97
I envy not the Courtly Nice 103
Is there a Charm 110
If you would keep 136
If Truth can fix 139
Joy Enlightens all my Senses 147
If you my wandring Heart 159

Kind God of Sleep 28

Love once was my Joy 1
Long by an Idle passion toft 88
Let me wander not Unseen 120

Mortals wisely learn to Measure 48
My Lesbia let us live 59
Musick has power 151

Not this blooming April Season 15
No more shall Meads be deck'd 26
Now the Busy day is o'er 102

O Betsy Bell and 8
On thy fair Banks 10
Of every sweet that 74
One Summers Eve 86
Of good English Beer ..... 108..109
Oh who is me poor Walley Cry'd 166
O'mary soft in Feature 170
On his Face the Vernal Rose 132-133
Once more I'll tune the Vocal Shell 148-149
One morn Sweet Sue 194-195

Prithy foolish Boy give o'er 27
Polly when your Lips 135
Pretty Wanton come away 184

Rouse Britons drive the Foe 76-77

Since Celias unkind 18
Swains Scorn who 49
Shun not Cecelia Loves Soft 65
See! from my Silent Grove Alexis 68-69-70-71
Strephon why that Cloudy 80
Stella and Flavia every Hour 82
Sweet was once 87
Say mighty Love 95
Say Myra why is 104

See Cloe how the new blown Rose 129
Soft God of Sleep 138
See Daphne 144
Should Love Sincere 164
Silvia wilt thou waste thy Prime 177
Sportive Zephyrus 183
See Stella 197

The Lass that would 5
The wanton God 12

The Carle he come o'er the Croft 16
There never was nor ever will be 36
Tell me dear Charmer 39
Tos such the Flowers sweet 42
Trust not Man 51
The Sweet Rosy Morning 58
To little or no purpose 62
Tell me not of a Face 79
Tho' Begging is an honest Trade 85
Twas at the Royal Feast 92–93
The Charms which blooming 46
To sit in doubts 96
Think when to pleasure 103
To curb our will 106
The Parent Bird 107
Twas in the Bloom of May 111
The Bloom of Beauty 113
Tell me lovely Shepherd where 124–125
The New flown Birds 146
Tell me Delia 126
The chace is o'er and on y Plain 156–157–158
The Meads and the Groves 161
Tho Baucis and I 162
Upon the Coast of Argos Rocky Shoar 114–115–116–117–118–119
Vulcan contrive me such a Cup 33
View my Eyes 174
Venus to Sooth my heart 175

When Cloe was by Damon seen 2
Welcome Brother debtor 4
Would you tast the noon tide Air 20–21
While in the Bower with 22
When Orpheus went down 25
With Head reclind 29
When Daphis Pied and 38
What means fair Cloes 43
Would you gain the tender 44–45
Woman thoughtless giddy Creature 47
When fading Beauty 89
When here Lucinda first 91
Why should I my Passion smother 121
Women formd by Nature Coy 134
Why heaves my fond Bosom 145
Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying 153
When Cloe by your Slave Persuid 160
When mighty Sol at noon of Day 169

What means this niceneſs now of late 176
Whilst I gaze on Cloe Trembling 182
Why Celia this Wav'ring 185
When with good Wine the Tables Crown'd 193
When gentle Sleep had charm'd my Breast 200

Xeno Plato & Ariſtotle ..... 130 - 131

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife 11
Ye Mortals that love drinking ..... 60 - 61
Ye Gods I foolishly denied 71
Ye Virgin Pow'rs 142
Ye heavenly Powers 165
Ye good Fellows all who love to be told ..... 172 - 173
Ye tender Powers ..... 188 - 189 - 190
Young Daphne 196

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Hen. Roberts fecit 1739.

A New Song, the Musick by Mr. John Hudson

Love once was my Joy and my Pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a--gain If the

fair one had been constant I had ever faithful prov'd; Thus chearfully

with my darling liv'd Innocent and lov'd. When I call to mind her

:S:

Charms so Endearing ever pleasing they prompt afresh to love's alarms.

:S:

Love once was my Joy & my pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a--gain

Flute

The Diffident Lover

Set by Mr. Howard

When Clo--e was by Damon seen what heart could be unmov'd She
look'd so like the Cyprian Queen he gaz'd admir'd and lov'd he lov'd alas but
lov'd in vain, & full of Grief and Care He knew he never could obtain the
lov'ly charming fair, the lov----ly Charming fair.

Clo-e deserv'd a better Swain,
He not so fair a Bride;
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd:
Take pity then thou charming Maid,
For Clo-e's case is thine,
I dare not ask so much I dread,
Must Damon's fate be mine.

Flute

The Departure

Set to Musick by Dr. Green

She. tender.

Hence thou Deceiver never Ah! never wilt thou return to thy Chloe a---gain

Grown in your leisure fond of new Pleasure some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain

He

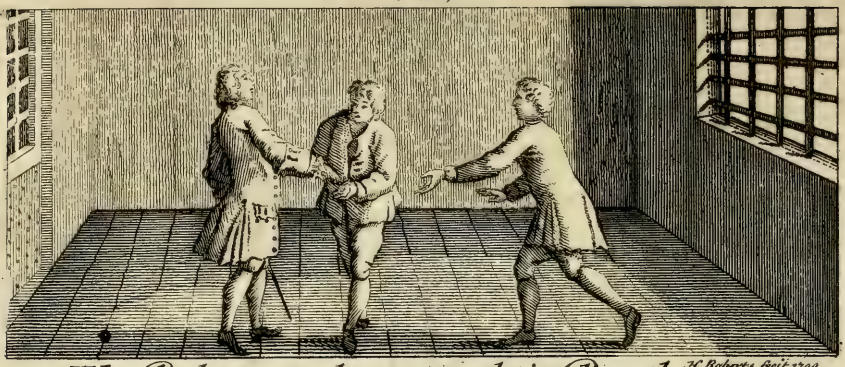
Dry up those Showers sweeter than Flowers; look in y, fountain & see thy self there

Where is the Creature, throughout all Nature half so engaging so sweet & so fair.

She. Go – you'll deceive me —
No – I'll believe thee —
Lean on my Breast, & thy Constancy swear
Should you deceive me,
Or ever leave me,
Chloe would languish & die with Despair.

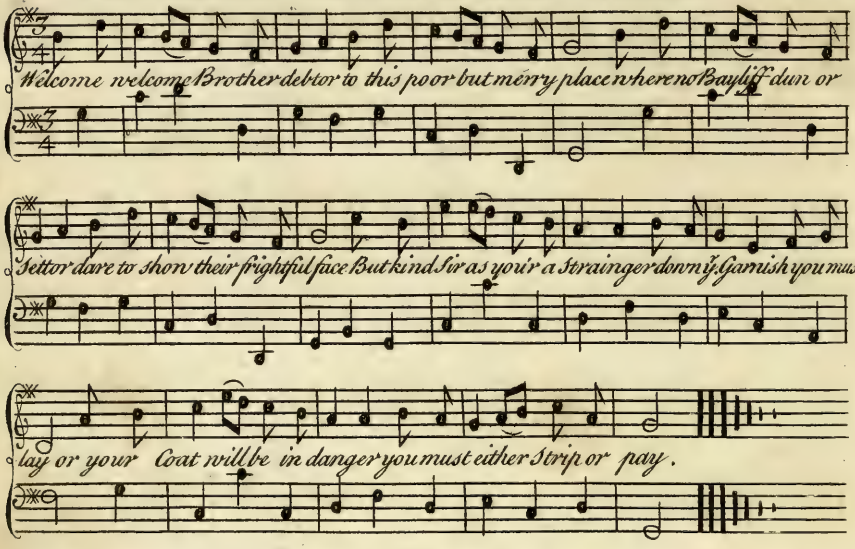
He. My sweetest Treasure,
Every Pleasure,
Every Charm in my Chloe I find
And all the Graces
Of newest Faces
Call but my Chloe back into my Mind

Flute



The Debtors welcome to their Brother

H. Roberts fecit 1739

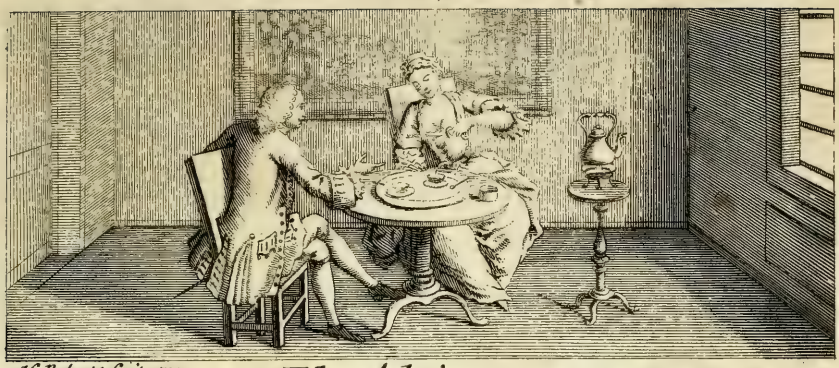

Welcome welcome Brother debtor to this poor but merry place where no Bayliff dun or
Settor dare to shew their frightful face But kind Sir as you'r a Straingerdonn'y Garnish you must
lay or your Coat will be in danger you must either Strip or pay.

Ne'er Repine at your Confinement
From your Children or your Wife.
Wisdom lies in true Resinement
Through the Various scen's of Life
Scorn to shew the least Resentment
Though beneath the frowns of fate
Knaves & Beggers find Contentment
Fears and cares attend the Great.

Though our Creditor's are spightful
And restrain our Body's here
Use will make a Goal delightful
Since there's nothing Else to fear
Ev'ry Island's but a Prison
Strongly guarded by the Sea
Kings and Princes for that Reason
Prisoner's are as well as we.

What was it made Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate
'Twas because he cou'd not Wander
Beyond the World's strong Prison gate
For the world is also bounded
By the Heavens and Stars above
Why should we then be confounded
Since there's nothing free but Love

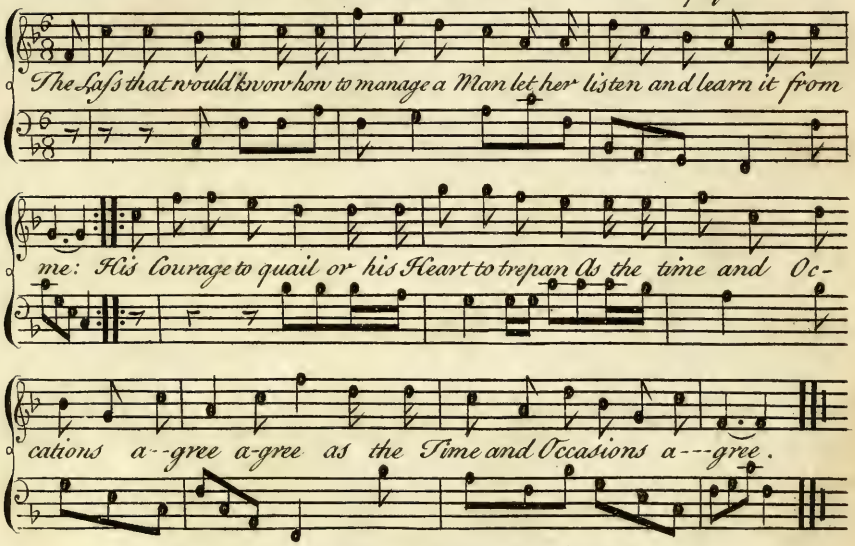
FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit 1739

The Advice

Set by Galliard


The Lass that would know how to manage a Man let her listen and learn it from
me: His Courage to quail or his Heart to trepan As the time and Oc-
cations a--gree a-gree as the Time and Occasions a---gree.

The Girl that has Beauty tho' small be her Wit,
May n'heedle the Clown, or the Beau;
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit
By the use of that pretty Word--No.
When the Pow'der'd Toupees in crouds round her Chat,
Each striving his Passion to show;
With--kiss me & love me my dear, and all that,
Let her answer be still no, no, no.
When a dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue a Sleep,
A Present a Treat or a Ball;
She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
And no, be her answer to all.
But when master Dapperwit offers his hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A house, and a Coach and a Jointure in Land
She's an Ideot, if then she says no.
Whene'er she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
When prest'd to his Bosom & clasp'd in his Arms,
Then let her say No, if she can.

Flute

Going out in the Morning

Hark away 'tis the merry tond horn calls the hunters all up with y^e^ morn; to y^e^ hill & y^e^ Woodlands we

steer to unharbour y^e^ out-lying Deer. And all the day long this this is our Song, still

hollowing & following so frolic and free. Our Joys know no bounds while we're

after the Hounds no mortals on Earth are so Jolly as we.—

Round the Woods when we beat how we glow;
While the hill they all Ecco Holo; ——
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then over Shouts they resound to the Skies:
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

When we Sweep o'er y^e^ Valleys or climb
Up y^e^ health breathing Mountain Sub-lime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who tast can reveal
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

Flute

Chloe

set by Dr. Green

Tender

In vain the force of Female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love: Their Smile, their Air nor all their Charms, my paſſion can remove For all that's fair & Good I find in Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind, In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Let Celia all her Wit display,
That glitters while it kills:
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light, nor heat it feels;
For all that's bright and gay, I find
:S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Fair Flavia shines in Gems and Gold,
And uses all her Arts!
Not richest Chains my heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by Diamond darts:
For all that's rich, and fair I find
:S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Those Notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,
That once had Pow'r to wound;
When Chloe speaks they are no more,
But mix with common Sound:
All Grace, all harmony I find
:S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

FLUTE

H. Roberts fecit 1739.

Beſsy Bell

O Beſsy Bell & Mary Gray they are twa bonny laſses they Biggʼd a Bowʼr on
yon burn-brae & theekʼd it oʼer wi Raſhes. Fair Beſsy Bell I loʼed yes treen & though I
neʼer could altar but Mary Grays twa pawky Eʼen they gar my fancy falter .

Now Beſsy's hair's like a Lint-tap;
She smiles like a May Morneng
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with Rays adorning;
White is her Neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and Feet's ſu genty;
With ilka Grace ſhe can command
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the Cran
Her Eʼen like Diamonds glances;
Shes ay ſae clean, redd up & bran,
She kills wheneʼer ſhe dances;
Blyth as a kid, with Wit at will,
She blooming tight and tall is;
And Guides her Airs ſae graceſu ſtill,
O Jove! ſhe's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſsy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco ſair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee betwеen you twa
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes;
Waes me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

FLUTE

H. Roberts fecit

A Hymn to Venus

set by Mr. Stubley

Allegro.

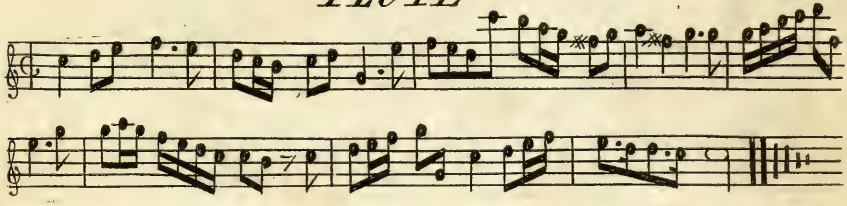
Blest as th'immortal Gods is he, The Youth who fondly
sits by thee and hears and sees thee all the
while so soft-ly speak and sweetly Smile.

'Twas this deprivd my Soul of Rest
And rais'd such Tumults in my breast
But while I gaz'd in Transports tost
My breath was gone my Voice was lost

My bosom glow'd the subtle Flame
Run quick thro all my Vital Frame
O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung
My Ears with hollow murmurs rung

In deny damps my limbs were chill'd
My blood with Gentle Horrors thrill'd
My feeble Pulse forgot to play
I fainted sunk and died away.

FLUTE



The too Curious Swain.

Set by Mr. Lampe

On thy fair Banks Oh Medway long A Youth his Sheep had fed
On thy fair Banks his future Care The tender Lambkins strayd
Happy had fate detain'd at home The simple Youth too fond to roam.

Happy alass till curious love
He listen'd to the Tale
Near Tunbridge salutary Springs
What beautys grace the Vale,
Beautys that make the barren Soil
And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile.

He came and Celias dangerous Charms
Beheld with eager gaze
So round a Torches glimmering light
Th' admiring Insect plays
Like that he gaz'd, & in his turn
He saw it Shine and felt it burn.

Th' unhappy Youth by Love undone
By late experience found
That Celias scorn deny'd the Cure
Whose Eyes had giv'n the Wound
Helpless & hopeless pin'd away
In tears by Night & Sighs by Day

By Collins fate be warn'd to view
The fair with cautious Eyes
This Place is Cupids Empire Seat
And who can shun Surprize
Since few can hope & all must fear
Where Kingsley Mead & Byar appear

Flute

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife

Set by Mr. Seedo

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife out of your wonted Favour,

To be the comfort of my Life to be the comfort of my life & I was

glad to have her But if your Providence divine for something else de-

sign her. To 'bey your will at any time to 'bey your will at any

time I'm ready, sym I'm ready to re--sign her.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

A Favourite Song in Comus

Pub: accord.g to Act of Parliam.t 1739

Sym. Song

Allegro The

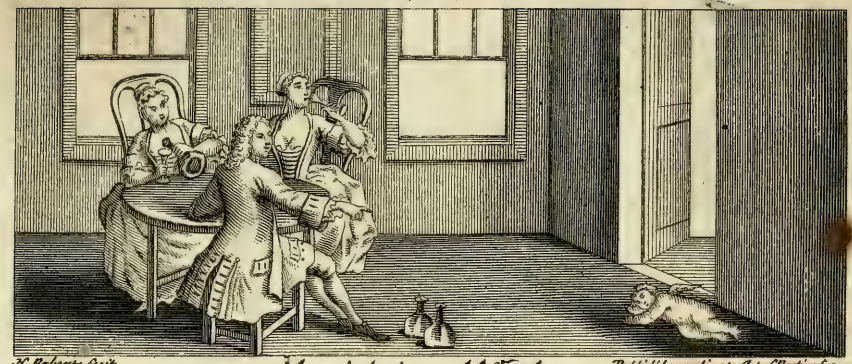
wanton God who peirces hearts dips in Gall his pointed darts but the

Nymph disdains to pine who baths y.e wound with rosy wine rosy wine

rosy wine who baths y.e wound th. rosy wine Sym.

Farewel Sym. Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd

if I am scorn'd because enjoy'd sure the squeamish fops are free too rid me



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Set to Musick by M.r Arne

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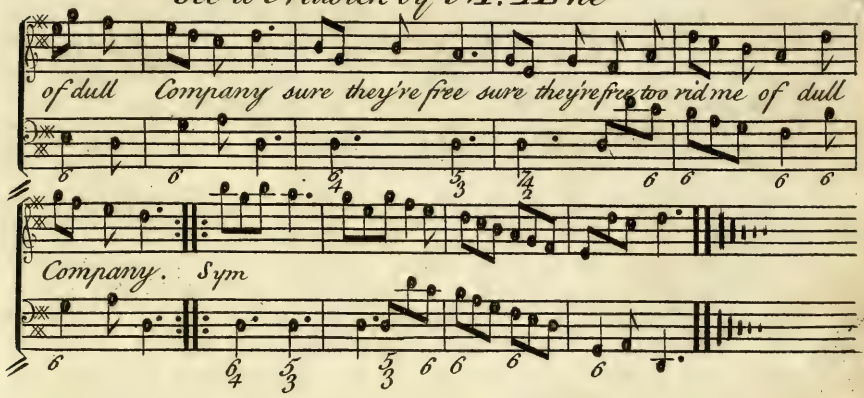

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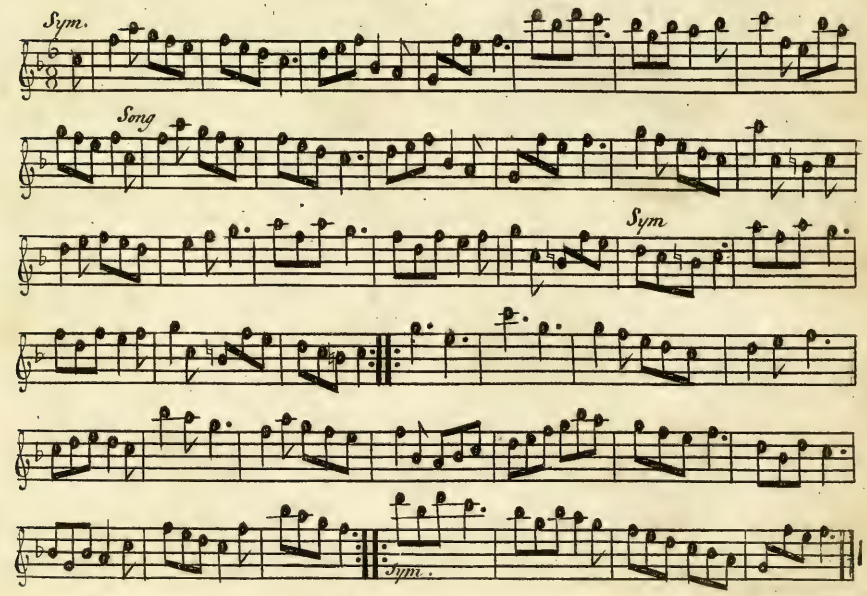


The Request

set by Dr. Green

Can there be ye Pow'rs above Perfect Happi ness 'tis Love

Can Man know a greater bliss than the sweet & balmy Kiss. Soothing looks each

grateful smile all that can the heart beguile all that can the heart beguile.

Why so often do I sigh
Pine alone yet know not why
Love has surely vanquish'd me
And makes me own his Deity
Mild as Queen of fond desires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires

Wanton Cupids search around
Allarcadia's verdant Ground
Tell the fair for her I sigh
Tell the fair for her I die
Venus Queen of fondest Love
To my wish propitious prove
To my wish propitious prove

God of Love and pleasing Charms
Give the fairest to my arms
You who sighing Lovers aid
Warm with love the lovely maid
Only this Task of thee
Conquer her as thou hast me
Conquer her as thou hast me

Flute

The Forsaken Lady

Set by Mr. Lampe

Andante

Not this blooming April season can relieve my aching heart
spight of all the force of reason still I act a frantick Part As the
Canker eats the Roses And the springing green destroys, To de
spair my Rest op---po--ses, and con-sumes my riseing Joys

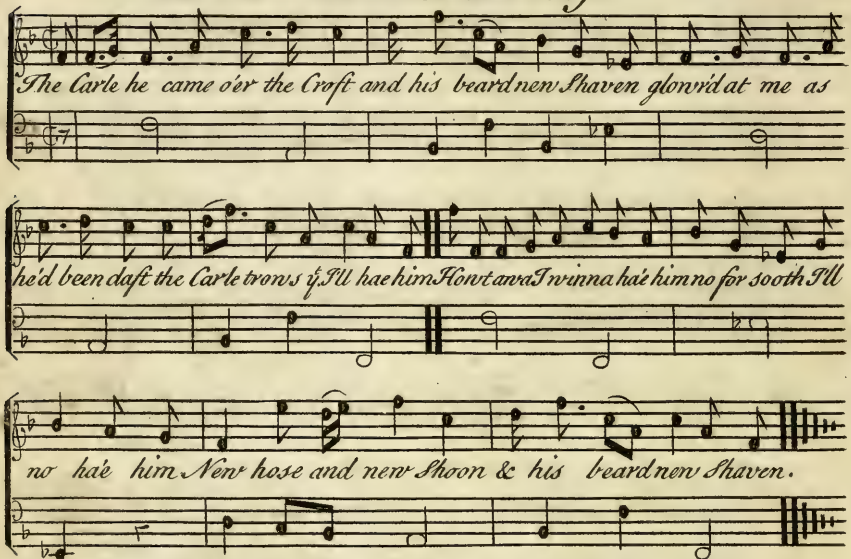
O my Valley, field and Mountain
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove
Warbling Bird & sparkling fountain
Minds me of my luckless Love:
When the Cowslip I discover
Springing o'er the Primrose fair;
Thee, I sigh, my gentle Lover!
Would have crop'd to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting
By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree;
All my Sorrows recollecting,
Love & Joy resembles Thee;
He all flowery can appear
To conceal his poyson'd dart,
But the Wretch that trusts him near
Grasps a Thorn, & wounds the heart.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

The Carle came o'er the Croft

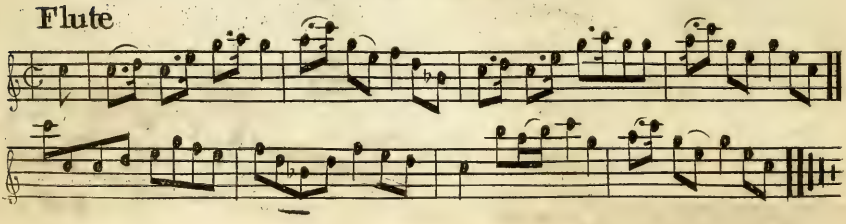

The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his beard new Shaven glonr'd at me as
he'd been daft the Carle trows gif I'll hae him Hont tan va I winna hae him no for sooth I'll
no hae him New hose and new Shoon & his beard new Shaven.

He gae to me a Pair of Shoon,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me dance till they ware done,
The Carle trows that I'll hae him.
Hont an va, &c.
He gae to me a Pair of Gloves,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me stretch them on my Hoofs,
The Carle trows that I'll hae him
Hont an va, &c.

He gae to me an Ell of Lace,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me wear the Highland dress,
The Carle trows that I'll hae him.
Hont an va
He gae to me a Harn Sark,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He said he'd kiss me in the dark
For that he trows I'll have him.

Hont an va I maun hae him,
For sooth I'll e'en hae him,
New hose and his new Shoon
And his Beard new Shaven

Flute



Despairing Silvia

set by Mr. Lestrange

Hard Fate to Sigh to sig---h in vain Des--pair--ing

Si-----l--via Cries. De ----bar'd the Free-dom

to Com--plain but through a Lov---ers Eyes

And those unguarded ever speak
Betrayers of my Heart
For Ah! our wiles are all to weak
These to Disguise by Art.

Thus hopeless must I ever Remain
Like Ghost about their Treasure
Till spoke to first ne'er speak again
Still waiting Strephons leisure.

Dear thoughtless man a Stranger to
The Secrets of this Breast
That's his from Inclination true
More Constant than 'tis Blest.

There could he see & Concious know
The Torments of Neglect
They soon would teach him how to show
More Love & less Neglect.

Flute

A Song

set by Mr. Harris

Since Celia's un-kind and my Paſsion diſdains, A Bottle a

Bottle and friend ſhall eaſe all my Pains thus thus remove from my

Heart that abſolute that abſolute Fair and with Bumpers of Claret & with

Bumpers of Claret I'll dri ve I'll

dri ve I'll drive away Care.

Flute

The Provident Damsel

set by Mr. Clarke

As Fidlers and Archers who cunningly know the way to procure themselves
Merit, Will always provide them two strings to their Bow and manage their
Business with spir---------it and manage their business with spirit

So likewise the Provident damsel should do
Who would make the best use of her Beauty
If the mark she would hit, or her Lesson play through
Two lovers must still be on Duty
Two lovers &c.

Thus arm'd against Chance & secure of supply
Thus far our revenge we may carry:
One spark for our sport we may fit & set by
And t'other poor Soul we may Marry
And t'other &c.

Flute

The Noon tide Air

Andante

Would you taste the noon tide air to yon fragrant honir repair where

woven th' the poplar bough & mantling vine will Shelter you the mantling Vine will

Shelter you Down each side a fountain flows twinkling

murmuring as it goes lightly o'er the Mossy ground

lightly o'er the Mossy ground sultry Phœbus scorching round sultry Phœbus scorching round

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

Round ỹ. languid herds & Sheep stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep

while on the hiacinth and rose the fair does all alone repose the fair does all a

Adg° Andante

lone repose Round the all alone yet in her

Arms your breast may beat to love's alarms till blest & blessing

you shall onn blest & blessing you shall onn ỹ. Joys of love are Joys alone the

Joys of Love are Joys alone ad g° Da Capo

The Nightingale

set by M.r Carey

Gently

While in a Bow'r th. Beauty blast the lovid y. lovid Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucindas Brest he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes

a wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd had mourn'd within the Shade

sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song, & wan- - - - - - - - - - - bled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstress cry'd the Swaine
To Shades to shades less happy go
Or if thou wilt with us remain
Forbear forbear thy tuneful Woe
While in Lucinda's Arms I die
To Song to song I am not free
On her soft Bosom while I die
I dis - - - cord find in thee

Flute

A Favourite Song in Coriolanus

Charmer hear your faithful Lover nor dis--dain to admit his Flame

Cease to slight your scorn give over constant e---ver

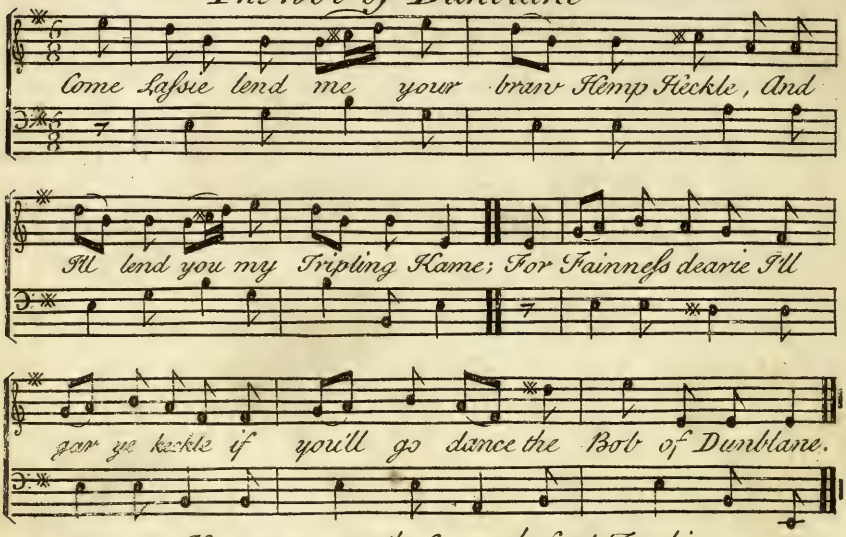
I'll remain Charms surround those lovely features

tender pit--ty grant your slave turn and be so

kind a Creature haste and heal the wounds you gave

Flute

The Bob of Dunblane


Come Lassie lend me your brave Hemp Heckle, And
I'll lend you my Tripling Kame; For Fainness dearie I'll
gar ye heckle if you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Hast ye gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies
Busk ye brave and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time if leading of Monkies;
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank my Lassie left I grow fickle
And tak my Word & offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it Mickle,
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner the Piper & Priest shall be ready
And I'm grown donnie with lying my lane
Away then leave baith Minny & Dady
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane

Flute

Orpheus and Euridice

Set by Mr Boyce

When Orpheus went down to the Regions below which Men are forbidden to See He

tuni'd up his Lyre as old Historys Shew to Get his Euridice free to Get his Euridice

free All Hell was astonish'd a Person So wise Should rashly endanger his Life and

venture So far but how vast their Surprize when they heard that he came for his

Wife how vast their Surprize when they heard that he came for his Wife.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
Old Pluto had puzzled his Brain;
But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again. he gave him &c.
But pity succeeding Soon vanquish'd his Heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well;
He took her again in Reward of his Art,
Such Power has Musick in Hell. In Reward &c.

The Protestation

Set by Mr Boyce

No more shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers nor Sweets dwell in Rose-y Bowers nor greenest

Buds in Branches Spring nor Warbling Birds delight to Sing nor April Violets Paint the

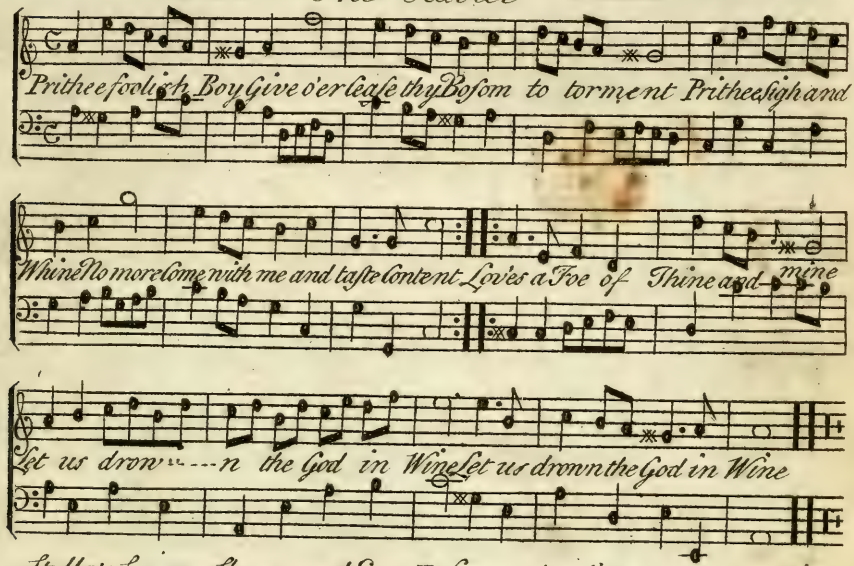
Grove if I forsake my Celia's Love if I forsake my Celia's Love

The fish shall in the Ocean burn
And Fountains Sweet shall bitter turn
The Humble Vale no Floods shall know
When Floods shall Highest Hills o'er flow
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave
If e'er my Celia I deceive If e'er &c.

Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by
And Venus Doves want Wings to fly.
The Sun refuse to Shew his light
And Day be turned into Night
And in that Night no Star appear
If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er &c

FLUTE

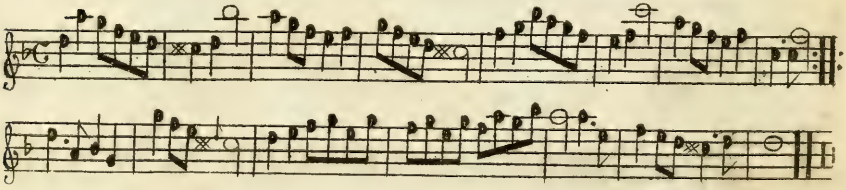
The Advice


Prithee foolish Boy Give o'er Lease thy Bosom to torment Prithee sigh and
Whine No more Come with me and taste Content Love's a Foe of Thine and mine
Let us drown---n the God in Wine Let us drown the God in Wine

Stella's fairer Shape and Eyes
Charms too Lovely to Behold
Let us seek to Crown our Joys
Where the Best Champaign is Sold
Love's a foe &c.

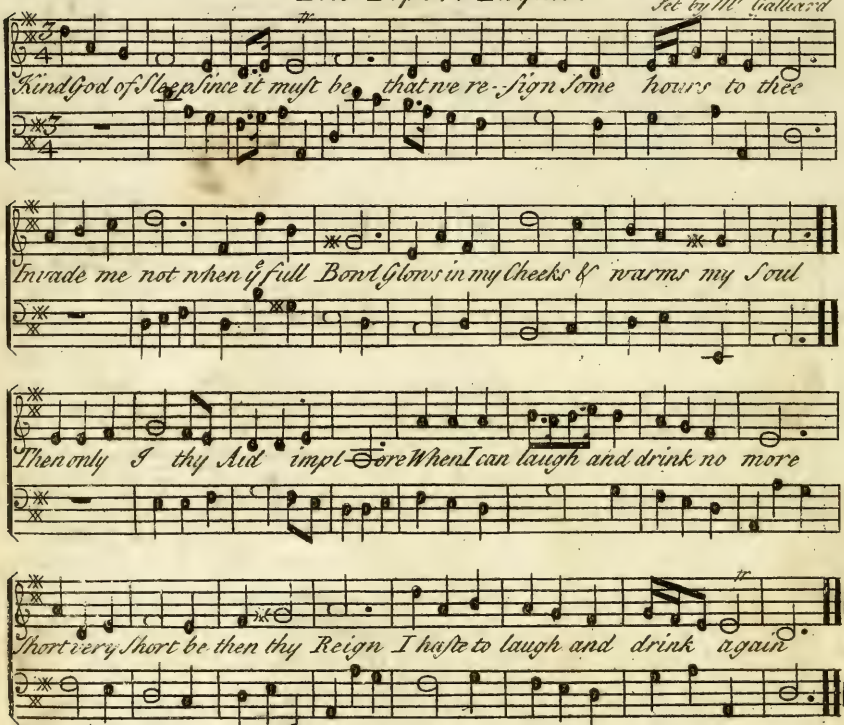
Leave the Silly gaudy train
And believe me when I Say
All the Joys they give are Vain
Leave them then and come away
Love's a foe &c.

For the Flute.



The Toper's Request.

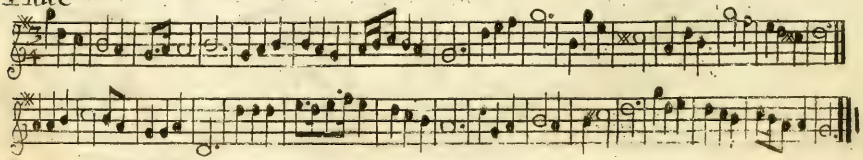
Set by Mr. Galliard

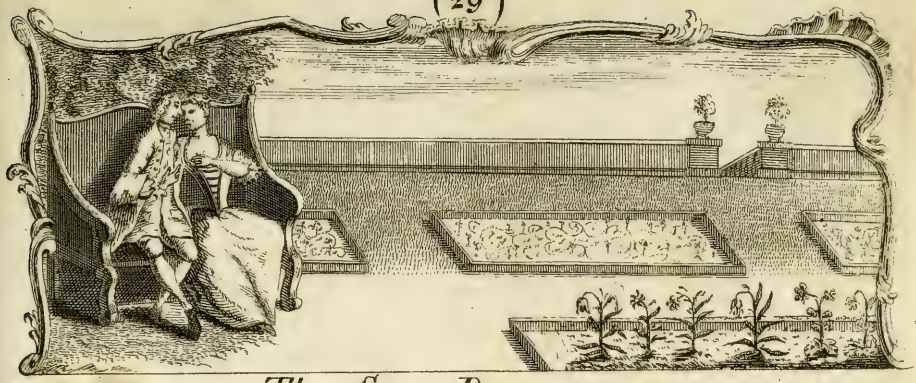

Kind God of Sleep since it must be that we re-sign some hours to thee
Invade me not when if full Bowl Glows in my Cheeks & warms my Soul
Then only I thy Aid implore When I can laugh and drink no more
Short very Short be then thy Reign I haste to laugh and drink again

But Oh if melting in my Arms,
the Nymph adorn'd with all her Charms,
In pleasing Dreams Should me Surprize.
And grant what waking She denys;

Then prithee gentle Slumber Stay
And slow and slowly bring the day
If Fancy can Such Bliss bestow
Who would not be deluded so.

Flute





The Snow Drop.

Allegro. Set by Dr Green

With Head reclin'd the Snow Drop see the first of Flora's Pro---ge-

nie In Virgin Modes---ty appear to hail and welcome in the Year

Fearless of Winter it defies the Ri gour of inclement Skies, &

early hastens forth to bring ye Tidings of the approaching Spring

Tho humble in its dress and plain
It ushers in a beauteous Train
And claims how gaudy e'er they be
The Merit of Precedency

All that or gay or sweet discloſe
The Pink the Tulip or the Roſe
In fair Succeſsion as they blow
Their Glories to the Snow Drop owe

Flute

The Rose

Go Rose my Lloe's bosom grace shou'd Happy sho'd I prove miss I supply that
Envied place with ne...ver fading Love there Phœnix Like beneath her Eye in-
- volv'd in Raptures burn and die Involv'd in Raptures burn & die

Know hapless Flower that thou Shall find
More fragrant Roses there
I See thy With'ring head recline'd
With Envy and dispair
One Common fate we both must Prove
You die with Envy, I with Love

FLUTE

The Lovers Lesson

Set by Mr. Brewer

Damon if thou will believe me Tis not sighing tis not sighing

o'er the Plain. Tears and Sonnets Can't relieve thee Faint At-

-tempts in Love are vain faint Attempts in Love are vain

2

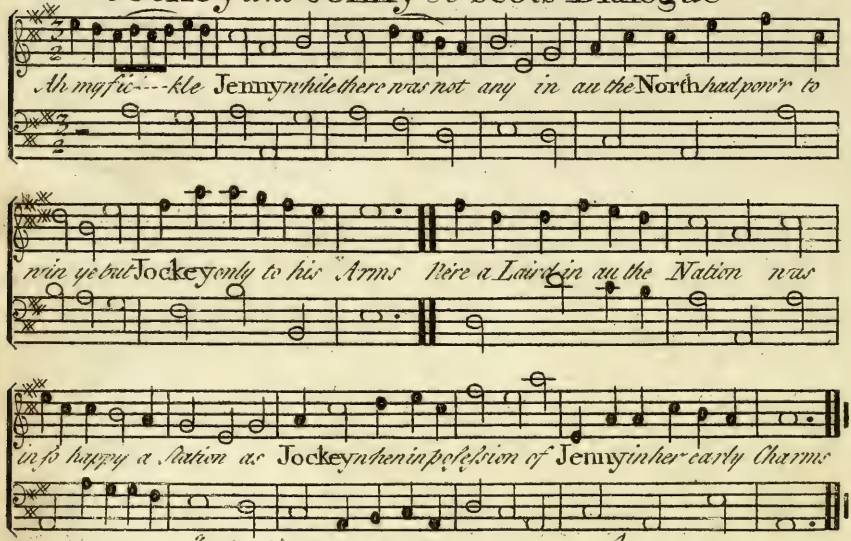
Urge but home the fair Occasion,
And be Master of the Feild:
To a resolute Invasion,
Tis a Madnes not to yield.

3

Love gives out a Large Commission
Still indulgent to the brave
But one Sin of base Omission
Love nor Woman yet forgave

Flute

Jockey *and* Jenny *A* Scots Dialogue


Ah my fic---kle Jenny while there was not any in au the North had powr to
win ye but Jockey only to his Arms Here a Laird in au the Nation was
in so happy a Nation as Jockey when in posession of Jenny in her early Charms

Jenny) *Had you still addrest me,*
As eanice you carest me,
Nean other Lad had e'er possest me,
But thine alean I now had been:
Had I only been in vogue wi' ye,
And had you let none else collogue ye,
Nor rambled after Kathern Oggie,
I'd sped as weel as ony Queen.

2

Jockey) *Moggy of Dumferling,*
Is now my only Darling,
Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
And dances with a bonny Aire;
Moggy is so kind and tender
If fate was ready now to end her
Could I but from the stroke defend her,
I'd dye, if he wad Moggy spare.

3

Jenny) *Sanny me Caresses,*
Whose Bagpipe so pleases,
That never my poor Heart at ease is,
But when we are together beath.
I'd so heartily befriend him,
If Fate was ready now to end him,
Could I but from the Stroke defend him
A thousand times I'd suffer Death

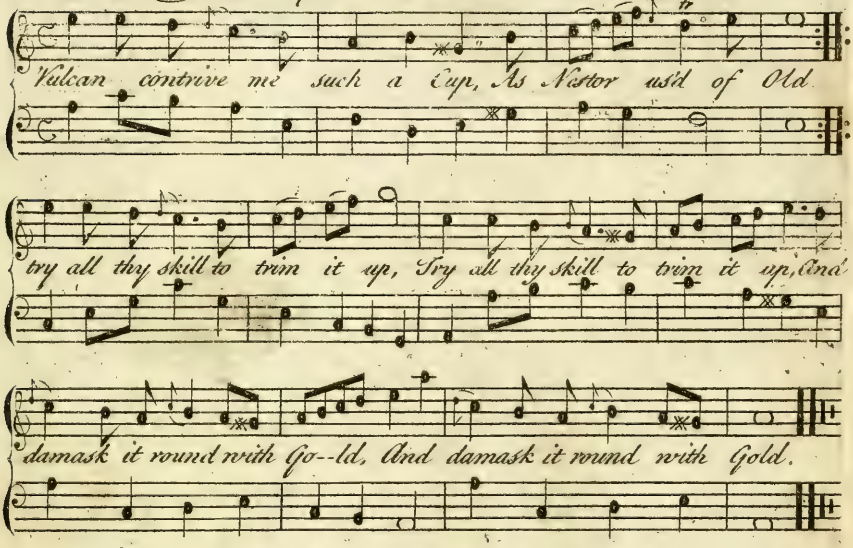
4

Jockey) *Come let's leave this fooling,*
My Heart ne're was cooling,
Nean e're but Jenny there was ruling
But thus our Hearts we fondly try.
Jenny) *To thy Arms if thou restore me,*
Should au the Lairds 'ith lond adore me,
Nay our Gued King himsel send for me
With thee alean I'd live and Dye.

Flute

An Addreſs to Vulcan,

Set by Mr. Fisher Tench.


Vulcan contrive me such a Cup, As Nestor us'd of Old
try all thy skill to trim it up, Try all thy skill to trim it up, And
damask it round with Go--ld, And damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, when fill'd with Punch,
Up to the Swelling Brim;
Vast toasts on the Delicious Lake, Vast &c.
(Like Ships at Sea) may swim Like &c.

Carve me thereon a Curling Vine,
And add two lovely Boys;
Whose Limbs in am'rous folds entwine, &c.
The Types of future Joys &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,
May Love & Wine still reign;
With wine I wash away my Care
And then to my Love again

Flute

By Dimpld Brook

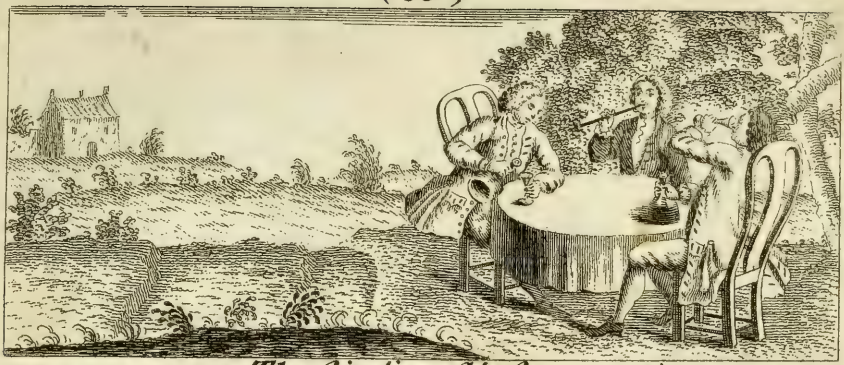
By dimpl'd br-ook & fountain brim the wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim Th. merry Wakes &

Pastimes keep wh. has night to do with sleep wh. has night to do with sleep

Night has better sweets to prove Venus now wakes & wakens love

come let us our rights begin 'tis on---ly daylight that makes

sin 'tis on-ly daylight that makes sin---



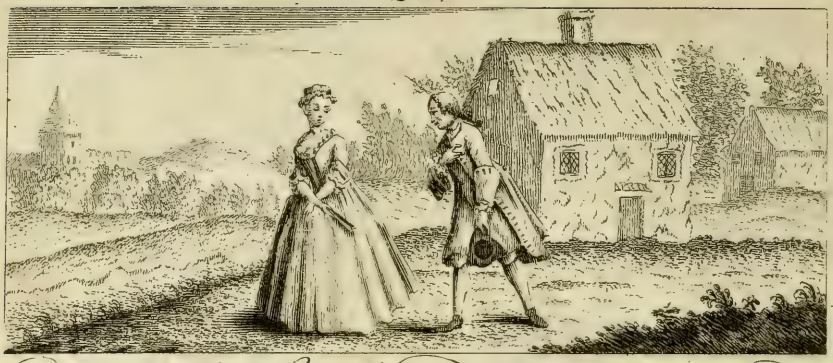
The Circling Glass

Tempo di Gavotta

pia

By the gayly cir--cling Glass we can see how minutes pass by the hollow Cask are told how the waining night grows old how the waining Night grows old

Soon too soon the busy day drives us from our sports away What have wee with day to do sons of care 'twas made for you sons of care 'twas made for you.



Lovely Nancy

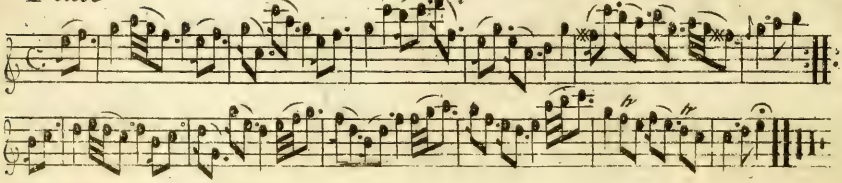
There never was nor eer will be another such a Charming She so
formid to please the Fancy another with such tempting grace such
sparkling eyes & blooming face as has the lovely Nancy.

Her shape so rare & breast so white,
Give admiration and Delight,
And at first sight entrance ye,
Her taper leg & tempting thigh,
Do all comparison defie,
For such alone has Nancy.

3

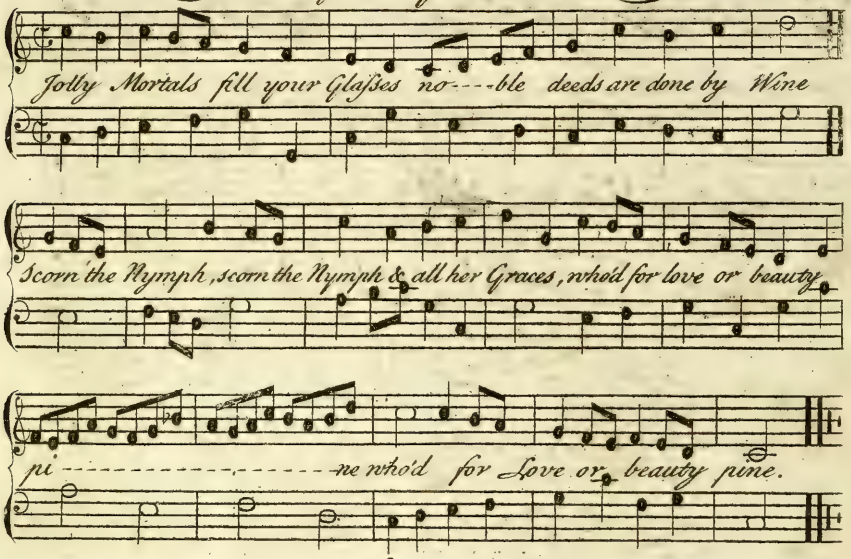
No borrow'd charms the fair one needs,
In vain for her the Ruby bleeds,
Or diamond starrs you can see,
Those jewels give but glim'ring ray,
Compared to the resplendant day,
Shines all around of Nancy

Flute



The Jolly Bachanalians,

set by Mr. Galliard.


Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses no---ble deeds are done by Wine
Scorn the Nymph, scorn the Nymph & all her Graces, who'd for love or beauty
pi----------ne who'd for Love or beauty pine.

2

Look within the Bowl that's flowing
And a thousand Charms you'll find
More than Phillis tho' just going
In the Moment to be kind
In the &c.

3

Alexander hated drinking,
Drank about at Council board;
He subdu'd the World by drinking,
More than by his Conqu'ring Sword,
More &c.

Flute

The Cuckow, a Favourite Song.

Sym

Allegro non troppo

When daisies
When shepherds

pied & Violets blue and Ladies smocks all Silver white & Cuckow buds of yeallow hue do
pipe on Oaten straws & merry lays are Ploughmens Clocks & Turtles tread & Rooks & Dams &

paint the Meadows with delight
Maidens black their Sun Smocks

The Cuckow then on every Tree

Mocks marrid Men Mocks marrid men mocks marrid men for thus Sings he Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow

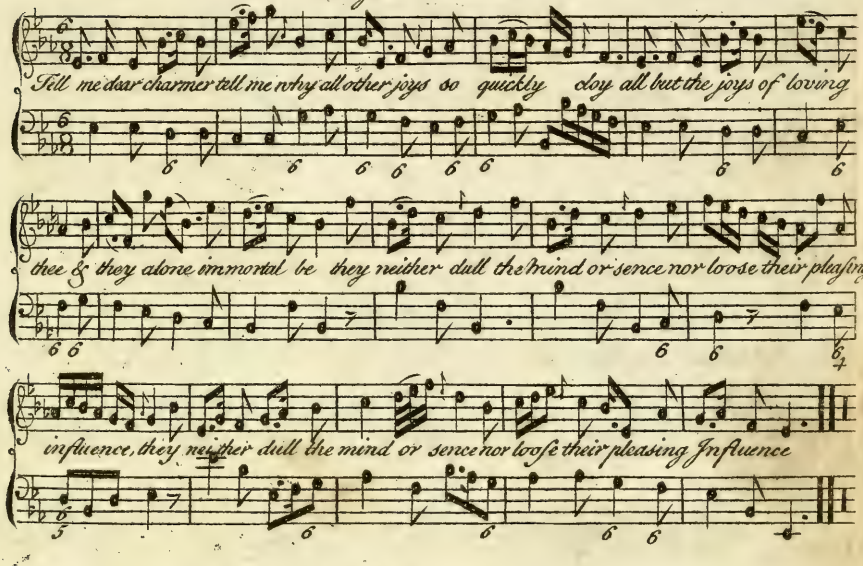
Cuckow Cuckow O word of fear O word of fear unpleasing to a marrid ear unpleasing to a

Sym

marrid ear.

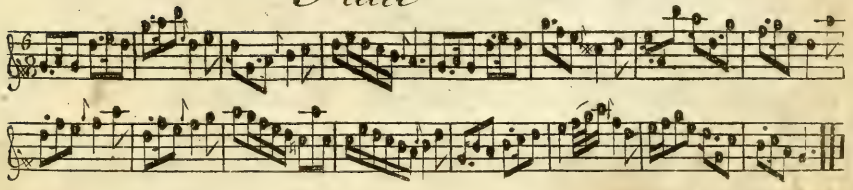
The Inamour'd Svrain

Set by Mr Howard


Tell me dear charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly cloy all but the joys of loving
thee & they alone immortal be they neither dull the mind or sence nor loose their playing
influence, they neither dull the mind or sence nor loose their pleasing Influence

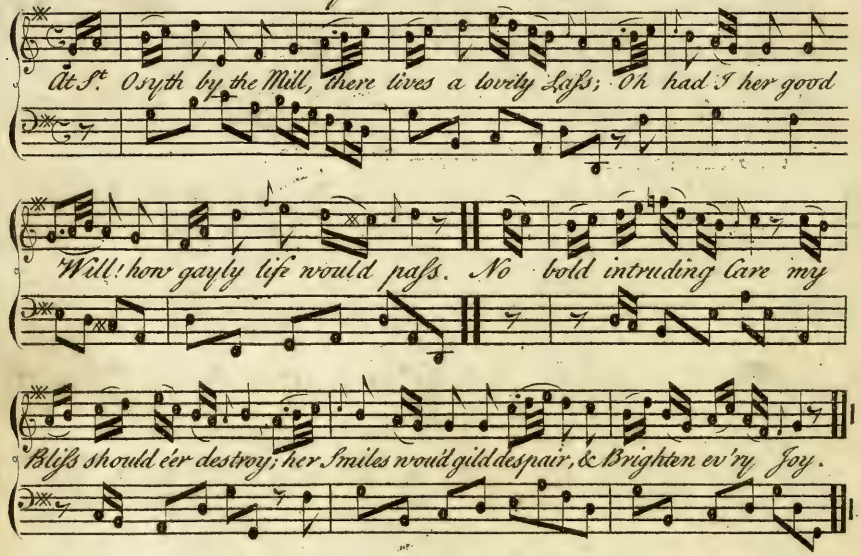
For ever I with fierce desire,
Could gaze on thee & never tire;
My ravishd ears could all day long,
Feast on the Musick of thy tongue;
And when that fails yet still in you
I something find that's always new.

Flute



The Lafs of S.t Osyth,

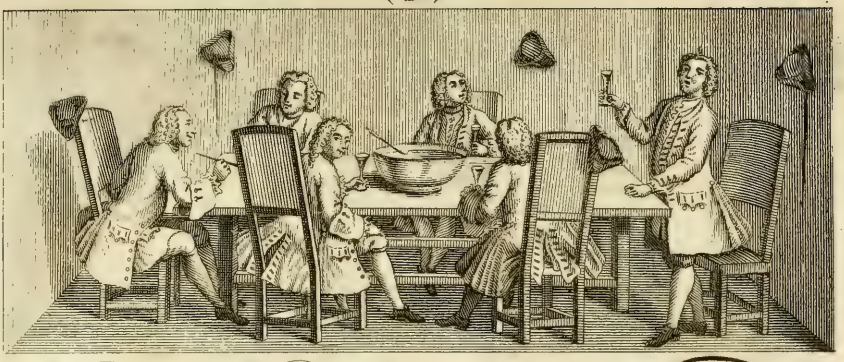
Set by M.r Howard.


At S.t Osyth by the Mill, there lives a lovely Lafs; Oh had I her good
Will! how gayly life would pafs. No bold intruding Care my
Bliss should e'er destroy; her Smiles would gild despair, & Brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Natures rural Scene,
Her artleſs beauties Charm,
Like them with Joy ſerene,
Our wishing hearts they warm.
Her wit with ſweetneſs Crown'd
Steals ev'ry ſence away;
The liſt'ning Swains around,
Forget the short'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth & Eaſe,
Without her tasteleſs are,
She gives them pow'r to please
And makes them worth our Care.
Is there ye Fates a Bliſs
Reſerv'd my future care,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

Flute



The Power of Drinking.

Fly Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown thee in

Fly, Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown the in

Wine if thou dar'st for to stay With bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll

Wine if thou darst for to stay with bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll

raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my Days

raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my days

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his Son
And inspir'd, my brast glows with transports unknown
The sparkling liquor a new Vigour supplies,
And makes the Nymph kind, who before was too wise

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me,
Two bottles of Claret will make us agree
Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,
And her coyness wash'd down she'll fly to your Arms

Flute

The Bee.

Set by Mr. Duncalfe

To suck the flowers sweet a little wanton Bee; The liquid Air did
beat and flew from tree to tree Deceiv'd by flow'ry scent and
eke by flow'ry hue, On Rosy sweets intent, to Delia's Cheek it flew

2
Surprizid, the tim'rous Fair,
It's fluttring Pinions prest,
Death arm'd him with despair,
He stung and sunk to rest.
Be still young Thirsis cry'd,
Some Magick words I'll say;
There's nought so sure beside,
Can Charme the Pain away.

3
This said, his lips he laid,
Close to the fair one's face;
Just where the wound was made,
And kiss'd th' envenom'd Place,
He suck'd the fatal Wound,
And drew forth all the smart;
But soon, alas! he found,
The sting had pierc'd his heart

Flute.

Chloe Weeping

Set by Mr. Lampe

What mean fair Cloe's mournful eyes, those Sighs y. heave her breast, oh speak dear
Sure some curst fate in en---vy tryes t'invade my fair one's Rest

Nymph declare y. cause of so much anxious Pain; methinks those tears pronounce y. loss of
some dear lovely Swain; methinks those tears pronounce y. loss of some dear lovely Swain

Those blooming Cheeks like Roses dy'd,
Thro' sorrow seem to fade;
Those Eyes the radiant Sun outvi'd
O'ercast a gloomy Shade.
Sooner than they shall close with Grief,
Or Cloe wear the Willow,
Kind Cupid send us both Relief,
And bless me on her Pillow.

Flute

A Favourite Song in Acis and Galethea

Sym

Would you gain the tender Creature soft-ly gently kindly treat her Sym Suffring

is the Lovers part softly Sym gently Sym softly gently kindly treat her suffring is the

lovers part Sym would you gain the tender Creature Sym the

tender creature softly gently kindly treat her softly Sym gently Sym softly gently kindly

treat her suffring is the lovers part Sym Softly Sym gently Sym kindly treat her

Compos'd by Mr. Handle

suffring is the lovers part sym

Beauty by constraint po-

seßing you enjoy but half the bleßing lifeleß charms without ỳ. heart lifeleß chas *without ỳ. heart*

D:C

beauty by constraint poßeßing you enjoy but half ỳ. bleßing lifeleß Charms without ỳ. heart

Flute

Song

D:C

A Favourite Song

The Charms th. blooming beauty shews, In fances heavenly fair, We

lo the lil-ly & the Rose, With semblance apt compare, th. semblance apt for Ah! how

soon how so-on they a---ll decay, the Lil-ly dro-ops, the Rose is

gone and beauty fades ava--------y and Beauty fades a way

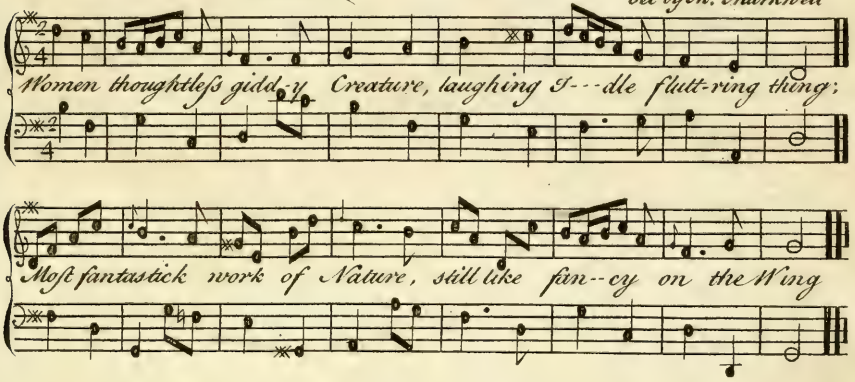
But when bright Virtue stands confest,
With sweet discretion joyn'd,
With mildness calms the peaceful breast
And wisdom guides the mind

When Charms like these conspire,
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting Love

Flute

The Whining Lover,

Set by Mr. Markwell


Women thoughtless giddy Creature, laughing I---dle flutt-ring thing;
Most fantastick work of Nature, still like fan--cy on the Wing

2

Slaves to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving hating in extreem;
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.

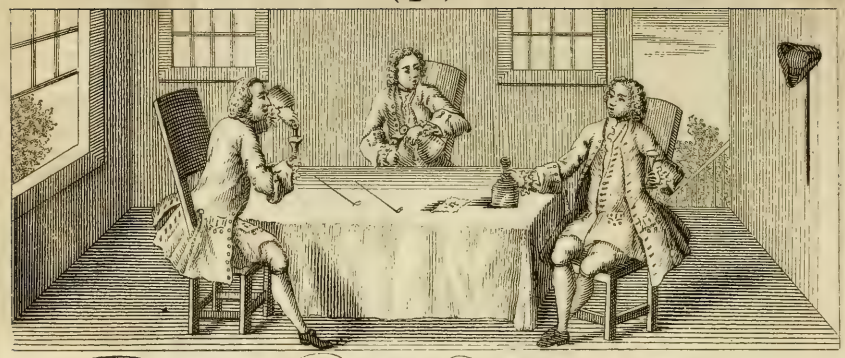
3

Lovely trifle! dear Illusion!
Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd for pain;
Man's chief glory and Confusion,
Of all Vanities most vain.

4

Thus deriding beauty's power,
We will call it all a Cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Kneel'd and wh'ind at Celia's feet.

FLUTE



The Advice

Set by Mr. Handel

Mortals wisely learn to measure life by the extent of Joy; life is sho - rt and fleeting Pleasure then be gay, whilst you may, and your hours in Mirth employ

2

Never let a mistress pain you,
Tho she meets you with a frown;
Fly to Wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
Chear thy Heart,
And all Smart,
In a sweet oblivion drown.

3

If loves fiercer flames should sieze thee
To some gentle Maid repair;
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee
On her Breast,
Lull'd to Rest
Cas'd of Love and free from Care

Friendship, Wine and Love united,
From all Ills defend the Mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

Flute

The Amazon

set by Mr. S. Howard

Swains I scorn who nice and fair, Shiver at the morning Air,
rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me
rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
Fops alone themselves caress;
Let them without Rival be,
They are not the Men for me

3

He whose nervous Arm can dart,
The Jav'lin to the Tygers heart;
From all sense of danger free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

4

While his speed outstrips the wind
Loosly wave his locks behind;
From fantastick Foppery free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

5

Nor simp'ring smile, nor dimpl'd cheek,
Spoil his manly sun burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be
He's the Man that's made for me

6

If false he proves my Jav'lin can
Revenge the Perjury of Man,
And soon another brave as he
Shall be found the Man for me

Flute

The force of Love

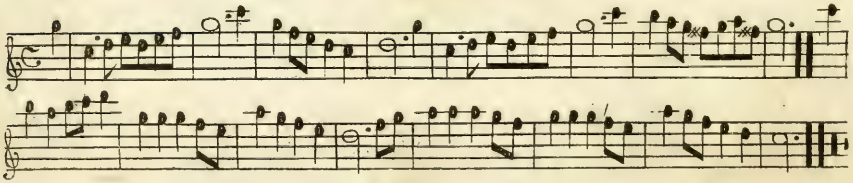
Ah! cruel Bloody fate what canst thou now do more alass tis now to late Phi
lander to restore Why should the heavenly powrs persuade poor mortals to be
lieve they guard us here & reward us there yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Ponyard then she took and held it in her hand
And with a dying look cry'd thus I fate command
Philander ah my Love I come to meet thy shade below
Ah I come she cry'd with a wound so wide there needs no second blow

3

In purple waves her blood ran streaming down the floor
Unmov'd She saw the Flood and blest her dying hour
Philander ah Philander still the bleeding Phillis cry'd
She wept a while then forc'd a smile then clos'd her Eyes & dy'd

Flute



The Friendly Adviser

Set by Mr. Carey

Trust not Man for he'll deceive you Treachery is his sole intent
first he'll court you then he'll leave you Poor de--lu-ded to lament :
Lis ten to a kind ad viser Men pur--sue but to perplex,
wou'd you happy be grow wiser and a--void the faithless swain

Form'd by nature to undo us,
They escape our utmost heed
Oh! how humble when they woo us
Oh! how vain when they succeed.

So the Bird when once deluded
By the artful Fowler's snare,
Mourns out life in Cage secluded;
Virgins then in time beware.

Flute

A Favourite Song

As Cupid roguishly one day had all alone stole out to play ỹ. Muses caught ỹ.

little little little knave & captive love to beauty gave the Muses caught ỹ little little little

knave & captive love to beauty gave The Laug - - - - - - - - - - - - ing dame soon

mist her son & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted ru - - - - - - - - - - - - n dis

trac - - - ted run & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted run and still his

liberty to gain his liberty to gain offers his Ransom but in vain in vain in vain the

Compos'd by Mr. Eccles

willing willing Prisner still hugs his Chain & vows he'll neer be free and vows he'll neer be

free no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain no

no no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain

Flute.

The Lark

Set by Mr. Lampe

Ah pretty tuneful fluttʳing thing! raise raise thy gently thrilling Note, Oh! mount & cut ỹ.
Hark! the fond echo's round ỹ. sing & steal their Music from thy throat

yeilding Air, with spreding wing & downy breast see Phœbus waits to meet thee

there & greet thee now a welcome guest & greet thee now a welcome guest.

2

Thee soon the pipingShepherd hears,
And imitates thy warbling strain;
With sweeter sounds you charm our Ears,
And silence the presuming Swain.

3

Glad thro' the bending Corn I stray
While you aloft at pleasure rove
And hov'ring hail the new born day
With songs of Mirth & Notes of Love.

Aid with thy Harmony my Muse!
And to thy Music tune my Song
May all the Nine their Warmth infuse
Bet soft as thine, as sweet and strong

5

My Fanny then thy Voice shall charm
With me thro' flow'ry fields to rove
Whilst taught by thee, my lays shall warm
Her tender breast to glow with Love

Flute

Bacchus & Venus United.

Claudio to manly sports & genious wine twelve circling yr. his spo - - - - - - - - - - rtful
A Jol - ly Son of Bacchus uncontroulit stranger to care his hou - - - - - - - - - rs un
heart inclin'd; The God of wine so much engro - - - - - - - - ss'd his heart Venus with
heeded roll'd: all her charms poßeß'd no pa - - - - - - rt Venus nr. all her charms poßeß'd no part.

Cupid enrag'd drew his unerring dart,
And in revenge shot quite thro' Claudio's heart.
The jocund sun run still loath to leave his Glass,
Or to confeß fair Delia's Charms surpaß,
Now pensive strives in vain t'avoid Loves sweet Care.
Wine but his second, Delia, his first Care.

Love triumph's now o're Claudio's manly, soul
But still allows the life-reviving bowl
When love & Wine in mutual convere meet
Mortals like Gods are render'd then Complea
Bacchus & Venus should be hand in Glove
He that would Life enjoy must drink & lo.

Flute

The Tell Tale

Blab not what you ought to smother honours laws should sacred be boasting favours

from another ne'er will favour gain with me ne'er will favour gain w.th me.

But inspir'd with indignation sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell, e'er I'd trust my

Repu-tation, with such fools as kiss and tell wh.s such fools as kiss & tell

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal,
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure
Cautious should his Joy conceal,
Cautious should his Joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save,
One where truth and prudence center,
And as sacred as the Grave,
And as sacred as the Grave.

Flute

The Amorous Lad.

Violino Unisoni

Set by Mr. Alland

Simpshony

Give me give me a Bottle & a Lass that

hates a Lucky hour shd pass from amorous Sport. free from Am- rous Spor- ting free.

Viano

who moves by no hicely Dears dare Wisper

Iow into my Ears & urge ye Extacy and ur- ge ye Extacy

The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.

The sweet rosy Morn peeps over y^e Hills With Blushes adorning The
Meadows & Fields The merry merry merry Horn call come come come a
way A wake from your Slumbers and hail y^e new Day The

2

The Stag rouz'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to y^e Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.
cho. { Then follow, follow, follow;
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure & Vigrous
Health you embrace. }

3

The Day Sport when over;
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for y^e Night.
{ Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown y^e Day. } cho.

FLUTE.

The faithful Courtship.

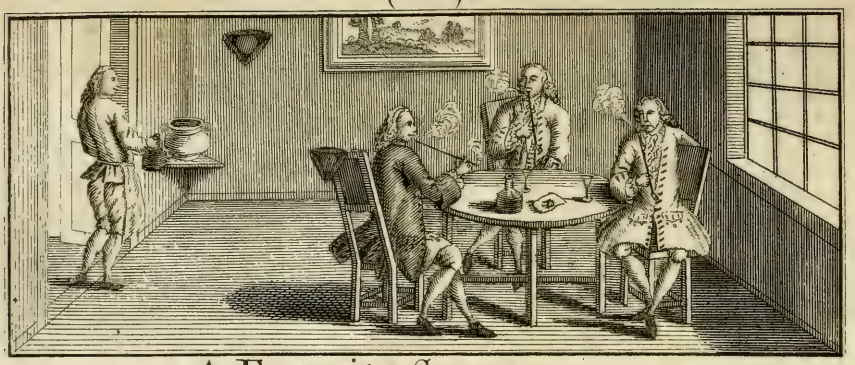
Set by Mr. Lamp.

My Lesbia let us live, & love, Let crabbed Age talk what it will;
The Sun tho' down returns a-bove, But we once dead must be so still.
thousand time & then, give me a hundred Kisses more, now kiss a thousand
times a gain, then th'other hun dred as be-
fore, then th'other hun dred as be-fore.

And if, when we have done all this,
That our sweet Pleasures may remain,
We will continue on our Bliss,
Unkissing of them all again.

Thus we will love, & thus we'll live,
While all our posting Minutes fly,
We'll have no Time to vex, or grieve,
But kiss, & unkiss till we die.

Flute.



A Favourite Song

Symphony

Song:

Ye Mortals that love drinking apply your selves to me tis I destroy dull

Sym:

thinking I'm nought but Jol-li-ty

Song:

Let Whining punyfops con-

-temn the Quaffing Lad We'll freely take our Glasses and never once be

Compos'd by Mr James

Sym:

d and never once be sad

Song:

Our Joys must all be lasting Whilst

Bacchus we pursue of Pleasure Still weer Tasting Each Bottle makes it new Our

future bliss weel think on when all the Claret's gone but now weel bravely drink on and

Adagio.

Quite Exhaust the J.....un and Quite Exhaust the Tun. D:C:

The Ladies Passion Fixt.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

To little or no Purpose I spent many Days, In ranging ye Park th Ex-

change & the Plays, for ne'er in my Ramble till now did I prove, so lucky to

meet with the Man I could love, Oh! how am I pleas'd n. I think on this Man, if I

find I must love let me do w. I can, that I find I must love let me do w. I can.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever when I should be well;—
My Passion shall kill me, before I will shew it,
And yet I would give all ye World he did know it,
But Oh! how I sigh, n. I think, should he woo me,
I cannot deny, what I know would undo me.—

Flute.

The Faithful Shepherdess.

Lively but not to fast

Set by Mr. Howard

At setting Day, & rising Morn, With Soul that still shall Love thee; I'll
ask of Heav'n thy safe Re-turn, With all that can improve thee; I'll
visit oft the Birken Bush, Where first thou kindly told me, sweet
Tales of Love and hid my Blush, Whilst round thou didst en-fold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair; — There will I tell y^e Trees & Flow'rs. —
By Greenwood shaw or Fountain; From Thoughts unfeign'd & tender; —
Or where y^e Sommer Day I'd share, By Vows we're mine, by Love is yours,
With thee upon yon Mountain. A Heart which cannot wander. —

Flute.

Sylvia Wounded

But melancholy now and sad,
The tedious minutes pass,
All wonder at the fatal Cause,
But oh! the Cause is Glass.

When Sprightly Musick us'd to play,
I tripp'd it on the Grass;
No Dance or Musick now can please
Like Voice of Mr. Glass.

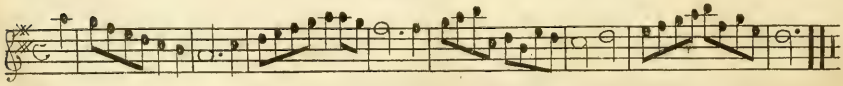
My parents with Industrious care,
Did mighty sums amass;
No one deserves those sums to share,
So well as Mr. Glass.

Let other nymphs try every art,
To wed a Wealthy Ass;
But had I Millions to bestow,
I'd give it all to Glass.

I us'd to be devout at Church,
As any Nun at Mass;
But all my adoration now,
Is plac'd on Mr. Glass

Then cease your plaints Ye am'rous Swains
Vain are your Sighs alass,
My Pity's all you can obtaine,
My Love's for Mr. Glass.

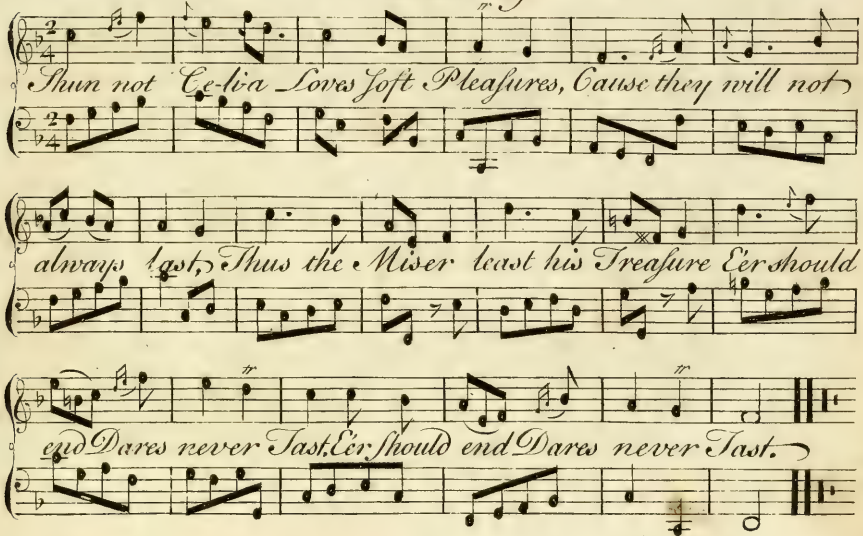
FLUTE



N. Roberts fecit

Advice to Cælia.

a New Song.


Shun not Ce-lia Loves soft Pleasures, Cause they will not
always last, Thus the Miser least his Treasure Ere should
end Dares never Fast. Ere should end Dares never Fast.

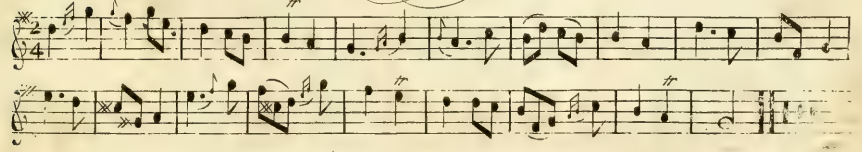
2

Beauty's but a fading Flow'r —
Would you therefore Love refuse —
Or because there's one last Hour
Would you all the others lose —
Would you &c.

3

Wisely Seize ye present Blessing
What tho soon ye Blessing ends —
Oft repeated Joys possessing —
Bid the Number make amends.
Bid the &c.

Flute.



The Modest Question.

Can Love be con-troul'd by Ad-vice, Can Madness and Reason a-
gree; O Molly who'd ever be wise, If Madness is loving of Thee.
Let Sages pre-tend to des pise, the Joys they want Spirits to Taste, let
me seize Old Time as He flies And ev'ry Blessings of Life while they last.

Dull Wisdom but adds to our Cares,
Brisk Love will emprove ev'ry Joy;
Too soon we may meet w.th grey Hairs,
Too late may repent being Coy:

Then Molly for what should we stay,
Till our best Blood begin to run Cold;
Our Youth we can have but to Day,
We may always find Time to grow Old.

The Invitation

Andante.

Come dear Amanda quit the Town, And to the rural Hamlets
fly; Behold ỹ wintry storms are gone, a gentle Radiance glads ỹe Sky.
The Birds awake, ỹe Flowers, appear; Earth spreads a verdant Couch for
thee, tis Joy & Musick all we hear; Tis Love & Beauty all we see.

Come, let us mark ỹe gradual Spring,
How peeps ỹ Bud, ỹe Blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing, —
And perfect May to spread ỹe Rose

Let us secure the short delight, —
And wisely crop ỹe bloomina Day,
For soon, too soon it will be Night,
Arise my Love & come away.

Cantata.

ALEXIS.

Se.! from y.e silent Grove Alixes flies and seeks n.th ev'ry pleasing Art to ease the

Recit.

pain n.r lovely Eyes created in his Heart, To shining theaters he now repairs to learn Ca-

Slow

millas moving Airs n.r thus to Musicks pow.r y.e Swain addrest his Prayrs ARIA

Charming sounds y.e sweetly languish musick O Compose my anguish every

passion yields to thee every passion yields to thee Charming sounds y.e sweetly languish musick

O Compose my anguish every passion yield to thee every pas - - - - sion yields to

ALEXIS.

Thee Phœbus quickly then relieve me, Cupid shall no more deceive me, I'll to

s. Recit.

sprightlier joys be free, to sprightly joys I'll be free, I'll to sprightly joys be free. Apollo heard ỹ foolish

DC

swain; he knew n Daphne once he lov'd, how weak to's an vage, Amrous pain his own harmoni. ous art had

provd all his healing herbs, how vain, then ỹ us he strikes ỹ speaking strings Preluding to his voice

Aria

ỹ sings. Cimbalo

Violoncello

ALEXIS.

Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee Sounds tho' charming can't re

lieve thee do not Shepherd then de ceive thee Musick is the Voice of Love

Musick is the Voice of Love Sounds tho' charming can't re lieve thee

do not Shepherd then de ceive thee Musick is the Voice of Love Musick

ALEXIS.

is the Voice of Love Musick is the Voice of Love

If the tender maid be

liere thee soft re - lenting kind con senting will a lone thy pain re move will a

lone thy pain re move soft re lenting kind con senting will a lone thy pain re move

D.C

Set by Dr. Pepusch

The Lover.

Set by Mr Howard

If Love be a Fault & in me thought a Crime, how great my offence, I ear you
witness O Time, The Days & y^e Nights, & y^e hours as they roll'd, y^u know may be
felt, but are ne'er to be told. One Day past away, & saw nothing but love, A-
nother came on, & y^e same thing did prove, The Sun it grew tird still to
look on the same, but I grew more pleas'd as y^e next moment came.

I saw you all Day, & all Day with new gust,
And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first:
Thus fleeting Time passes th^e Down on its Wings,
And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings.
If this be a Crime, be my Judges ye Fair,
And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
The Cause of my Death, was for loving too well.

The Lafs of the Hill.

Larghetto — Set by Mr Lampe.

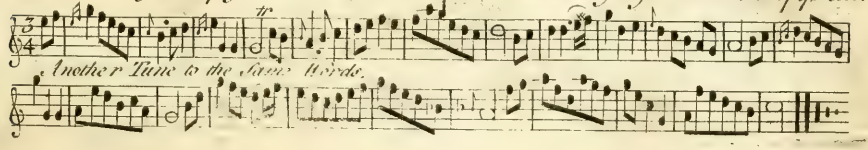
At the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt, Who ỹ Pangs of Ambition Or Love had ne'er Felt;
A few sober Maxims still ran in her Head, that was left for to earn e'er she eather brown Bread, ỹ to-
rise with ỹ Lark was con-ducive to Health, And to Folks in a Cottage Con-tentment was Wealth.

Young Roger that livd in ỹ Valley below,
Who at Church & at Market was reckond a Beau
Would often times try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And Rest on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale,
That nth ease his Addresses soon gaind on her heart
Being artless herself, She suspected no Art.

He flatter'd protested he kneeld & implord,
And his lies he nth Oaths w'ould still grace like a Lord,
Her Eyes he commended nth Language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on ỹ Tortures he felt in his Breast,
With sighs & wth Tears he so softend her Mind,
That in downright Compassion to Love she inclind.

But no sooner he'd melted ỹe Ice in her Breast,
The heat of his Passion yt Moment decreas'd,
And now he goes flaunting all over ỹ Vale:
And boasts of his Conquest to Richard & Hall,
Tho he sees her but seldom he's always in haste,
And nr e'er he mentions her makes her his Jest

Take heed therefore Maidens of Britons gay Isle,
How you venture your Hearts for a look or a smile,
For young Cupid is artful & Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale.
Who to Court you & tempt you will try all his Skill
But remember ỹ Lass at the Brow of ỹe Hill.



The Amorous Protector

Set by Mr. Lampe

Of e'ery sweet that glads the Spring, I tribute
to thy Charms I'll bring; I'll i---mi-tate the bu-sy
Bee, to make a fra---grant Crown for thee.

When from ỹ plains wẽ'r chac'd away,
By the fierce God that rules the Day;
I'll lead thee to ỹ Shades and Streams,
To shield thee from his Scorching Beams.

2

And when to rest her Eyes incline,
And light nor they no longer shine;
The fairest fleece of e'ery Sheep
My love shall prep's in peaceful Sleep.

3

From all the Ills that Night invade,
I'll guard the dear, the beauteous Maid;
My tender faithful Care shall prove,
None watch so well as those that love.

4

Flute

The Maids Repentance

Set by Mr Graves

Ye Gods! I fool--ish--ly de--nid my Strephons last Addreſs,
Pro--vokd he now no more re--plyd, but left me in diſtreſs,
Oh Cupid! send your sureſt dart, & streight Command his stay let
him once more but Ask my heart, I'll ne-ver more say, nay.

Thus happy moments oft we lose,
By some ill fate inspird,
At once Capriciously refuse,
The thing we most admird;

No more I'll blame loves ruling Powr
Or Curse his just Decree;
'Twas I that fix'd th'unlucky hour,
And 'twas confirmd by me.

Flute

Advice to Britain. By M.r Sparrow

Sym.

Allegro

Rouse Britons, Drive the Foe would Slyly work thy

Woe, Let haughty Bourbon know we will be

Dreaded Still; Assert thee on the Main make all

their Efforts vain, whose wiles makes Discord reign and

fill the world with pain, Ambitions vilest Ill,

Compos'd by Mr. Henry Burges junior.

Should Bourbons Force appear
Against this Isle in War —
Cease ye th' intestine jarr —
And in one Mind unite —
Then vainly whats design'd —
We'd give up to the Wind —
And to their cost they'd Find
With an unconquer'd Mind
A Briton still can Fight.

The Bloody Front of War —
O Britons! never fear —
But let us bravely dare —
And make our Annals shine
And let 'em once more see —
We can set Europe Free —
And plough each distant Sea
With lawless Liberty —
In spight of Bourbons line.

For the German Flute.

Address to Celia.

Set by Mr. Festing

If beauty's lure a-lone in---vite, Absence may heal our

pain, But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sence & worth re-

main. But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sence & worth remain.

The fairest Face we may Dispise,
Which hides a Foolish Mind,
But Reason guides ye Lovers Eyes,
When charms & Wit are joyn'd.

Caught by thy Person & thy sence,
'Tis both alike I fear,
For if the Eye could make defence,
You'd conquer by the Ear.

Flute.

The Moderate Lover.

Set by Mr. Lampe

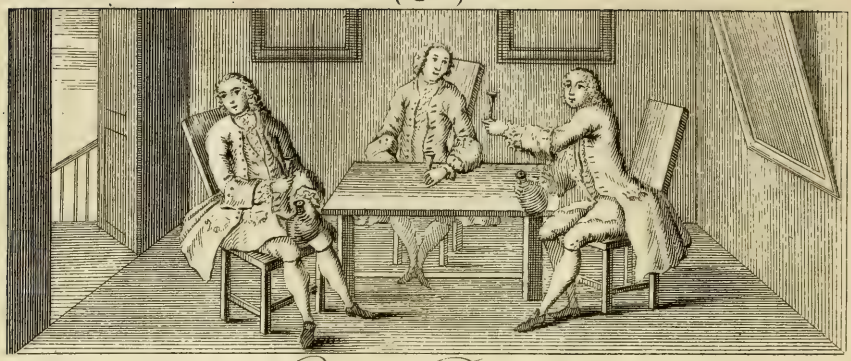
Tell me not of a face that's fair, nor lip & Cheek that's red, Nor of a rare se-
raphic Voice, if like an Angel sings, Tho' if I were to take my Choice I
would hav all these things, But if if thou wilt have me love, & it must be a She; The
only Argument can move, is if she will love me, Is that she will love me

Nor of the tresses of her hair, nor curls in order spread;

The glories of your ladys be,
But Metaphors of things,
And but resembles what we see,
Each common object brings,
Roses out-red their lips, and Cheeks,
Lillies their Whiteness stain,

What fool is he that Shadows seeks
And may the substance gain?
Then if thou'lt have me love a Lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the Glass,
That's with good Claret lin'd.

Flute



Love's Bacchanal.

Set by Mr Vincent.

Strephon why that Clou-dy Forehead Why so vain ly croſs'd thoſe Arms silly Swain thy Aspect

horrid rather frightens her ñ Charms Rouſe each dull & drooping Spirit fling away thy

Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rous Clarit makes thee love & raptures Breath.

Sacrafice this Juice prolifick —
To each Letter of her Name —
Gods they deem'd it a Specifick
Why not Mortals do ẽ ỹ same

See ỹ high charg'd Goblet smiling —
Bids thee Strephon drink & prove
Wine's the Liquor moſt beguiling
Wine's ỹ Weapon conquers Love.

Flute

Polly Willis.

Set by Mr Cox

Attend ye ever tuneful Swains that in melodious lulling strains of
Cloe sing or Phillis, Tho' weak my skill tho' rude my verse a
braid me not whilst I rehearse, the Charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I and poor in thought
No Simile shall here be brought
From Roses Pinks and Lillies
Some meaner Beauties they may hit
But sure no Simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

A Simile to match her hair
Her lovely forehead high and fair
Beyond my greatest skill is
How then ye Gods I can be expreſt,
The Eyes, the lips the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the Flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amarillis;
Frame all that's lovely bright and fair
Of pleasing Shape & killing Air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away
All beauty must in time decay
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm which shall for life endure
I mean the spotleſs mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

Flute

Stella and Flavia

Set by Mr. Howard

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour do various hearts surprize in Stella's Soul is
all her pow'r & Flavia in her Eyes in Stella's soul is all her pow'r &
Flavia's in her Eyes. more boundless Flavia's conquests are and Stella's
more confind All can discern a face that's fair but few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns,
To rule o'er barren Sands
Then boast fair Flavia boast thy face
Thy Beauties only Store
Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.

THE COQUETS

Slow

Sym Pia F

set by Mr. Worgan

At the close of the day when the beam flow'r and hay breathid Odours in

ev'ry Wind, Love enliven'd the veins of the damsels and swains, each

glance & each action was kind each glance & each action was kind

Molly wanton and free,
Kiss'd and sat on each knee
Fond extasie swam in her eyes
See thy Mother is near,
Hark! she calls the to hear,
What Age and experience advice

Hast thou seen the Blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with Purple and Gold
If a kiss he Obtain,
She repeats it again
What follows you need not be told.

Look ye mother she cry'd
You instruct me in pride
And men by good manners are won
She who trifles with all,
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one

Prithee Molly be wise
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in ev'ry Vein
Take a Shepherd for life
And when once you're a Wife,
You safely may trifle again

Molly smiling reply'd
Then I'll soon be a bride
Old Roger has Gold in his Chest,
But I thought all you Wives
Chose a Man for your lives
And trifled no more with the rest

Bacchus Defeated

the Words & Musick by W. Philips

Bacchus must now his pow'r resign I am the only God of Wine I am the only

God of Wine It is not fit if wretch should be in Competition set with me

who can drink ten times more who &c. ten times more who &c. ten times more than he ten times

more ten times more ten times mo - - - - - - - - - - re who can drink ten times more than he

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious life with Anxious Care
A tedious life &c.
Let the ambitious toil and think
Let states and Empires swim or sink
My sole ambition is
My sole &c.
My sole ambition is to drink

Make a new world ye powers divine
Stock it with nothing else but Wine
Stock it with &c.
Let Wine its only product be
Let wine be Earth be Air and Sea
And let that wine be all
And let that &c
And let that wine be all for me.

The happy Beggars

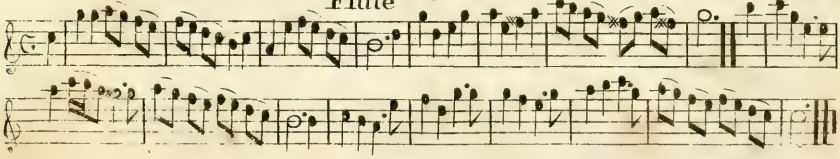
Tho' Begging is an honest trade &c. wealthy knaves despise yet rich men may be beg, made &
we that beg may rise The greatest kings may be betrayd & lose their sovereign pow'r But
he that stoops to ask his bread but he that stoops to ask his bread can never fall much lower.

Tho' Foreigners have swarm'd of late and spoil'd our begging trade,
Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade
Some say they for Religion fled, but Wiser People tell us,
They were forc'd here to seek their bread, for being too rebellious

Let heavy taxes greater grow, to make our Army fight,
Where 'tis not to be had you know, the king must lose his right
Let one side laugh the other mourn we nothing have to fear
But that great Lords will beggars be to be as great as we are

What tho' we make the World believe, that we are sick or lame
'Tis now a virtue to deceive, our teachers do the same,
In trade dissembling is no Crime and we may live to see,
That begging in a little time the only Trade will be.

Flute



The Sleepy Fair.

Set by Mr. Howard

One Summers Eve as Strephon rov'd wrapt up in thought profound, Sur-
prizd he saw his best belov'd lye sleeping on the Ground
Awake my pretty sleeper wake! awake to Strephons call Be
careful for your Lovers sake 'Tis Night the dew-drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his lips he laid
And gently stole a kiss
She still slept on he not dismay'd
Repeats the transient bliss
She wakes and thus with angry tone,
Away Away she cries
Then fault'ring bids the Swain be gone
Then sigh'd and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid
Can sighs proceed from hate?
My doubts are gone then down he laid
Resolv'd to share her fate,
Defended from the noxious Air
Within his Arms she lay
And tho' the Swain oft Wak'd the fair,
She said no more 'till day.

Flute

The Jealous Swain

Set by Mr. Russell

Sweet were once the Joys I tasted all was Jolli---ty and Love time me thought too
nimbly hasted on pleasures wings did move Chloe's heart was all my treasure never
was a richer Swain Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure Chloe banniſhid ev'ry Pain

But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliſs on Earth to See,
All their bitt'rest Curses joining,
Dashid my Cup with jealousy;
Now where ere I my Pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh and heart felt Groan,
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
I'll dispute a tott'ring Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing
What concealid is always best,
Jealousy loves Child and ruin,
Leave oh leave my tortur'd breast;
With the slave thy powr confeſsing
Thou to Venus middly deal,
They who shun or slight thy Bleſsing
Should alone thy torments feel.

Flute

A Cure for Love

Set by Mr Stanley

Long by an Idle Passion tost by love undone my reason lost how many fruitless

tears it cost to free me from the sma - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - rt to free me from my smart

I rav'd I sigh'd but all in vain could not my liberty regain or break the little

tyrants chain alas how weak my Ar - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - t alas how weak my Art

At length I flew to Pride for Aid
But equally by that betray'd
To every Power in vain I pray'd
But none would pity show.

Till reason to my breast once more
Did all my former peace restore
And brought Content not in the pow'r
Of Strephon to restore.

Flute

The Inconstant.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

When fading Beauty does de-cay, Natt dost think that love will Stay;
So love elsewhere I'm not to blame, Phillis is no more ye same, A
change in all we dai-ly see, Constant in In-constan-cy.

Chloe tryumphant rules the Day,
Then for Celia must give way,
But when Clarissa comes in sight,
Cecilia is forgotten quite
No fair one long can pleasure me,
Constant in Inconstancy.

Almighty Love disdain restraint,
Ever will for Freedom pant,
Nor can you me Inconstant call,
Who by turns love always all,
Then bless'd be dear Variety,
Constant in Inconstancy.

Flute

Philander's Vow.

Tender — Set by Mr. Boyce.

In vain Phi-lan-der at my Feet you urge your Guilty

Flame With well dis-sembled Tears entreat New Oaths &

impious Vows re peat and wrong Loves facred Name

Ah! ceafe to call that paſsion Love
Whose end is to betray
Too soon should I comply youd prove
What Sensual views your Ardour move
And your Affection Sway.

And when to all my fondneſs blind
Youd chase me from your Breast
Deluded Wretch! when could I find
That calm Content that peace of Mind
Which I before poſsest

Arno's Vale

Set by Mr. Holcombe.

When here Lu-cinda first we came Where Arno rolls his Sil--ver Streams

How brisk ỹ Nymphs ỹ Swains how gay Content in spird each ru-ral Lay The

Birds in livelier Concert Sung the Grapes in thicker Clusters hung

All looked as Joy could never fail Among ỹ Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now since good Palemon dyed
The chief of Shepherds & the Pride
Now Arnos Sons must all give place
To Northern Swains an Iron race

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er
Thy Notes Lucinda please no more
The Muses droop the Goths prevail
I due the sweets of Arnos Vale.

HAPPY PAIR

'Twas at the Royal Feast for Persia Won by Philip's Warlike Son Aloft in an full State the

God like Hero sate On his Imperial Throne his valiant Peers were placid around their Brows with

Slow.

Roses and with Myrtles bound So Should Desert in Arms be Crown'd The lovely Thais by his

Allegro

side Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride in flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride

Staccato

Pia

For

Happy happy happy Pair

Fo

None but the brave none but the brave

A FAVOURITE Song.

None but y brave deserves y Fair None but y brave None but y brave None but y brave deserves y Fair

happy happy happy Pair happy ha

ppy happy happy happy Pair

None but y brave None but y brave None but y brave deserves y Fair None but y brave de-

serves y Fair None but y brave

None but y brave deserves y Fair None but y brave deserves y Fair None but y brave deserves y Fair.

The Lover's Complaint

Amoroso. Set by Mr. W.m Hodson.

Sym

I Love I doat I'm all De-sire No Tongue can

tell my Pain My Breasts in Flames my Hearts on fire In murmurs

I com-plain in murmurs I com-plain.

2 Thro' ev'ry Feature reigns a Charm
Immortals own her Sway
Her Frowns tenthousand Breasts alarm
So rob their Souls of Day.

3 Her Smiles extatic Pleasures give
Dispell my gloomy Woe
Make drooping Nature learn to live
No anxious Cares I know.

4 Some Soul enchanting pow'r oh! move
This too divinely Fair
Tell her how I'm distress'd by Love
How Tortur'd by dispair.

The Mutual Lovers.

Amoroso. Set by Mr W.m Hodson.

Syn. Say mighty Love &

teach my Song to whom y sweetest joys be long & who the Happy Happy

Pair Whose yielding hearts & Joining hands find Blessings twisted

with their Bands to soften a - - - - - - - All their Care to soften all their Care

Not y wild Herds of Nymphs & Swains
Who thoughtless fly into the Chains
As Custom leads the way
If there be Bliss without Design
Ivy and Oaks may grow & twine
And be as blest as they.

Nor minds of melancholly Strain
Still Silent or that still complain
Can the dear bondage bless
As well may Heavinly concerts spring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a string
Or none besides the Base.

Two kindest Souls alone must meet
'Tis Friendship makes y bondage Sweet
And feeds their mutual Loves
Bright Venus on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone
And Cupids Yoke y Doves.

H. Roberts fecit

The Constant Lover.

Set by Miss Morgan.

Tost'd in doubts & fears I rove, On the Stormy Seas of Love; Far from

comfort far from Port, Beauty's Prize & Fortunes Sport, Yet my Heart disclaims dis-

pair: While I trace my leading Star; While I trace my leading Star:

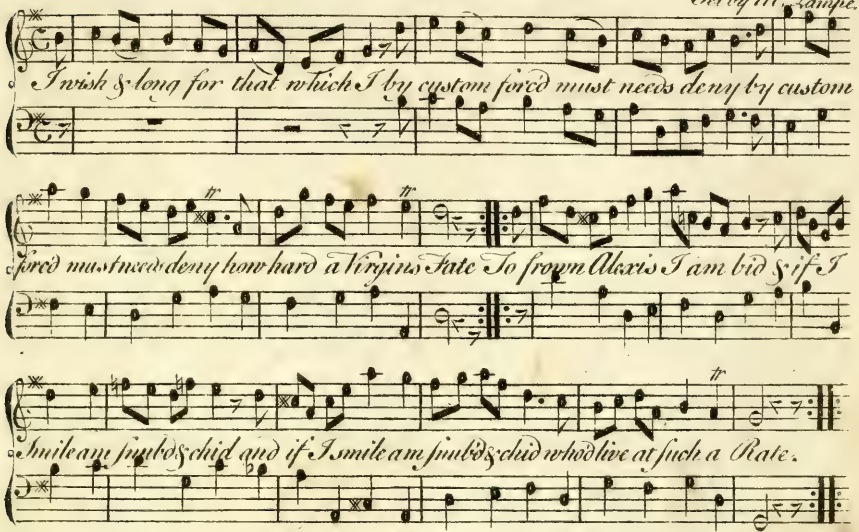
But reservdness like a Cloud,
Does too oft her Glories Shroud,
Peirce ỹ Gloom reviving Sight,
Be auspicious as your Bright;
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your Ardorer Sinks or Swims.

Flute

Hen. Roberts sculp.

Love and Honour.

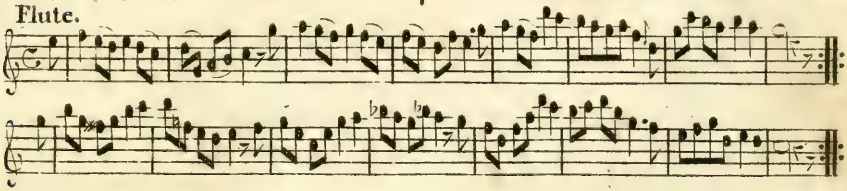
Set by Mr. Lampe.


I wish & long for that which I by custom forcd must needs deny by custom
forcd must needs deny how hard a Virgins Fate To from Alexis I am bid & if I
Smile am snubd & chid and if I smile am snubd & chid who'd live at such a Rate.

In vain alas is all disguise —
My words but contradict my Eyes
my words &c
He reads my passion there
O love! what is there to be done?
Must I what most I covet shun
must I &c
And bid if Youth dispair. —

Forbid it all ye powers above! —
Cupid prevailing God of Love —
Cupid &c
Decreed is for each other —
Let Hymen light his Torch I dare
Be his without a blush or fear —
Be his &c
To immitate my Mother. —

Flute.



Hail Windsor.

Set by Mr. Travers.

Larghetto

Hail Windsor crownd with

loft by Jonys & Nature wantons at her Will decks ev'ry Vale with fruits & flowrs with

wa ving Trees adorns each Hill Like

Mars with Venus in his Arms like his thy Strength like hers thy

charms like his thy Strength like hers thy Charms

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine Eyes,
Pleasd with thy Prospects unconfind,
A thousand Scenes before me rise,
A thousand Beauties charm my Mind,
Tho different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon Views his lovely Fair;
From charm to charm in raptures toft;
Yet not her Face, nor Shape, nor Air;
Nor yet her Eyes transport him most,
But tis the Heavnly Finishd whole,
With matchless Grace delights his Soul.

A Preservative against Love.

Arietta — Set by Mr. Lampe

How frail alas! we Mortals are how lost to Sence how vain! In Vain we would this
tho when once th Powrful Love we dare a fancy'd war maintain.

Powr withstands; so rce by force re pell He has more
Absolute Comand of mo re we would re bell.

'Tis only flight can make us blest —
And free us from Loves Dart
One Moments stay destroys our Rest
But this preserves the Heart
So shall our Lives in peace be Free —
Each day new pleasures prove
He thats possess'd of Liberty ——
Defies the Shafts of Love. ——

FLUTE

Bright Author of

Con Spirito

Bright Author of my present flame am I awake or do I dream

art thou an Angel if I see come down from heav'n to comfort me Bright one or art a Fa-ry

lately made escape from hell to cheat me to cheat me in a fairer shape Or shape

Affettuoso

Thou like a Comet dost ap . . . pear

in this our less fre quen ted Sphere Sphere At once to dazzel

my present Flame.

Set by Mr. Travers.

and sur prize in Love our Hearts in light our Eyes with Love our Hearts with

light our Eyes At Eyes But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain ev'n like a Blazing Star retire again But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain ev'n like a Bla

zing Star retire again ev'n like a Bla

zing Star retire a gain.

The Relief.

Now y busy day is over, Jo y Bottle let us fly, y our Spirits will restore, & delight the

heart w. Joy, & delight y heart w. Joy. Banish

sorrow spleen & Care, Evry anxi. ty, though remove raise y mind above despair, fill y soul w. nought but love,

Till the Soul w. nought but Love.

FLUTE

Barberini's Minuet.

Set by Sig.r Hasse.

Think'n to Measure if sports do invite our times on it's Wing & is fleeting away and as y bright

Season of youth does exalt your Crown'd dear moments w.th mirth whilst you may As time approaches by

kindly Advances With truly graceful and free open fances of Song & brisk dances intreat him to

Stay His golden Treasure if prudently measure let innocent pastime & Virtue delight your

Virtue & innocence alway are Gay those who inherit such sweetness of Spirit Live live.

live live those who inherit such sweetness of spirit live & enjoy true delight every Day.

Myra

Set by Mr. Howard.

Say Myra why is gentle Love A stranger to ỹ Mind that Pity and Esteem can

move wch can be just & Kind Is it because you fear to know ỹ Mow wch Love molest the

ten der care ỹ anxious Fear wch racks ỹ amrous Breast A lass by some degrees of

woe we ev ry bliss obtain ỹ heart can neera train, know, wch never felt a Pain

Flute.

The Happy Man.

Arietta.

I envy not Sir Courtly Nice Secure from Pomp and free from Vice I pass my day with

Ease I pass my Days with Ease The Man who cannot be a Knave & scorns to be a

fawning Slave has but himself to please has but himself to plea - se

Da Capo.

has but himself to please the man who cannot be a knave & scorn to be a fawning

Slave has but himself to please has but himself to please has but himself to please

The World & all its glitt'ring Joys —
Consist in Hurry Show and Noise
Whilst in a Croud we live —
Thank Heav'n! I share a better Fate
And blest enjoy in humble State —
The sweets that Quiet give —

My Book my Garden Field & Fair
Are all my Pleasures all my Care —
Nor wish I greater Bliss —
Each Day to me fresh beauties rise —
From those and Isabellas Eyes —
Still sweetned by a Kiss.

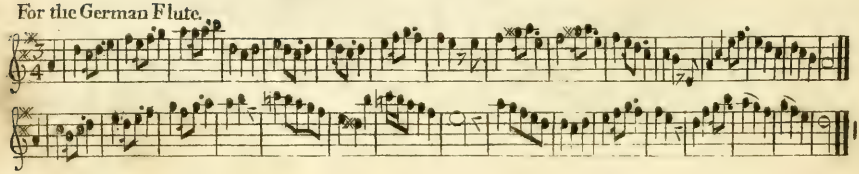
The Truth.

Set by Mr. Rupel.

To curb our Will with vain pre tence Phy..lo..so..phy her force em-
-ploys And tells us in dis pight of Sense that Life af fords us real Joys
Such I dle whims my Heart ab jures Envy me not Im mortal
Jove? If I pre fer my Bliss to Yours clasp'd in the Arms of her I Love

Since you have given desires to Men
Leave us at least th' Enjoyment free
Must I be happy only then
When I alass! shall cease to be
Such Idle whims my heart abjures
Envy me not immortal Jove
If I prefer my Bliss to yours
Clasp'd in y Arms of her I love

For the German Flute.



Paternal Love.

Set by Mr Lampe

The parent Bird whose little Nest is by its tender Young possest with
Spreading Wings & downy Breast does cherish them with Love But soon as Nature
plumes their Wings & guides their flight to Groves and Springs quite unconcern'd the
parent Sings re gardless where they rove re gardless where they rove

Whilst hapless we of human Race
The lasting Cares of Life embrace
And still our best affection place
On what procures us pain
Tho Children as their years increase
Increase our fear & spoil our pease
Paternal Love can never cease
But ever will remain.

Flute.

A Song in Praise of

Of good English Beer our Songs lets raise We've right by our freeborn

Charter And follow our brave fore fathers ways Who livd in ỹ time of King Arthur

Of those gallant days loud fame has told Beer gave ỹ stout Britons Spirit In

:S:

love they spoke truth & in War they were bold And flourishd by dint of Merit

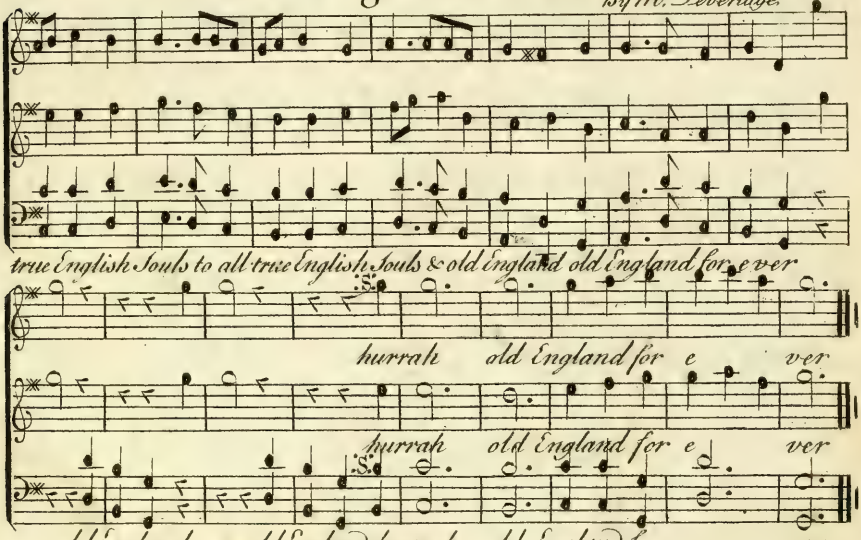
:S:

Chorus

Then like them Crown our Bowls our plentious brown Bowls & take em off clever to all

old English Beer

By Mr. Leveridge.


true English Souls to all true English Souls & old England old England for e ver
hurrah old England for e ver
hurrah old England for e ver
old England old England hurrah old England for e ver

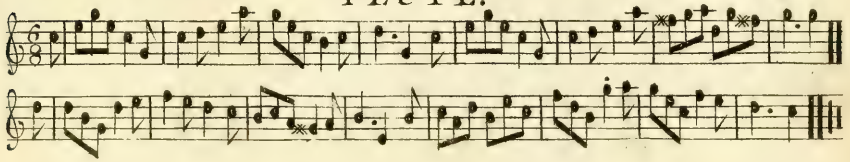
The Glory in Love or War they won —
By fighting retreats and sallies —
Was from y production of their own —
Good Beer & roast Beef in their Bellies —
All foreign attempts they did disdain —
To fird with Resolution —
For Liberty y they woud bleed evry vein
To keep their old Constitution. —

Chorus

Like them let us fill & drink & Sing —
To all who our state are aiding —
To Commerce y all our wealth does bring
And every branch of our Trading —
By Commerce all grandure we sustain —
That makes us a pow'rful Nation —
Then let us agree & with vigour maintain
Our Trade and our Navigation. —

Chorus

FLUTE.



The Power of Beauty.

Allegramente.

Is there a Charm ye Powers above To ease a wounded Breast Thro'
Reason's Glass to look at Love to wish and yet to rest Let Wisdom
boast tis all in vain An Empire o'er the Mind tis Beauty Beauty holds the
Chain And triumphs o'er Man kind And triumphs o'er Mankind

Thrice happy Birds who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong
Your feathered Mates reward the Lay
And yield to pow'rful Song
By Nature fierce without Controul
The human Savage ran
Till Verse refind his Stobborn Soul
And civilized the Man
And civilized the Man

Verse turns aside the Tyrants Rage
And cheers the drooping Slave
It wins a Smile from hoary Age
And disappoints the Grave
The force of Numbers must succeed
And sooth each other Ear
Tho' my fond Cause should Phœbus plead
He'd find a Daphne here
He'd find a Daphne here

Did Heav'n such wondrous Gifts produce
To curse our wretched Race
Say must we all the Heart accuse
And yet approve y Face
Thus in the Sun bedropid with Gold
The basking Adder lies
The Swain admires each shining Fold
Then grasps the Snake & dies
Then grasps the Snake & dies

The Nut-brown Maid.

Set by W. Howard. S.

I was
in the Bloom of May when odours breathe around when Nymphs are blithe, gay &
all with mirth abound That happily I strayd to view my fleecy Care where I beheld a Maid no
tr
Mortal eir so fair no mortal eir so fair.

She wore upon her Head
A Bonnet made of Straw
Which such a Face did shade
As Phœbus never saw
Her looks of Nut brown hew
A round eard Coife conceald
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting Breeze reveald

Around her slender Waiste
A Scrip embroiderd hung
The Lute her Fingers graced
Accompanyid with a song
With such a pleasing Note
Cuzzoni might regale
Or Philomelas Throat
That Warbles thro' the Vale

Not long I stood to View
Struck with her Heavnly Air
I to the Charmer flew
And caught the yielding Fair
Hear this ye scornful Belles
And milder ways pursue
The that in Charms excells
Excells in kindness too

H. Roberts Sculp.

The Happy Couple.

Staccato.

Sym.

At Upton on the Hill There lives a happy Pair The

Swain his Name is Will And Molly is the Fair Ten Years are gone & more Since

Hymen joind those two their Hearts were one be fore The sacred rites they Knew

Since which auspicious Day —
Sweet harmony does Reign —
Both Love and both obey —
Hear this each Nymph & Swain
If haply Cares invaide —
As who is free from Care —
Th' impressions Lighter made —
By taking each a Share. —

Pleasd with a Calm retreat —
They've no ambitious View —
In Plenty live not State —
Nor Envy those that do —
Sure Pomp is empty Noise —
And Cares Increase with Wealth
They Aim at truer Joys —
Tranquillity and Health. —

With Safety and with Ease —
Their present life does flow
They fear no raging Seas —
Nor Rocks that lurk below —
May still a steady Gale —
Their little Bark attend —
And Gently fill each Sail —
Till life it self shall end. —

FINIS

The Power of Gold

Sol by Mrs Worgan

The Bloom of Beauty quickly fades an age des-pis'd as soon suc-ceeds, loathing the Lover flies a face des-
-poild of Youthfull Charms and Grace Yet Gold whilst we do
thee Enjoy we need no other Charms Employ Medea's Arts to
thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

AMYMONE

Cantata.

Rec: *Upon the Coast of Argos Rocky Shoar where the Impetuous Billows Foam and*

Roar: Amymone the Young the Fairest of the Wood was by a Satyr eagerly persued

wearyd th Flight by fears Oppress She thus th' immortall powrs th' immor..... tall powrs addrest

Air

Largo

Neptune God of

all the Ocean

Neptune God of

AMYMONE

all the Ocean hear a tender Maid's devotion Ease my A.....nguish Set me free

Ease my A.....nguish Set me free from Furious love de---liver

me from furious love deliver me al

AMYMONE

lass alass mytlesse Pray'r shall it be lost shall it be lost shall it be lost in Reedless Air

no refuge then remains for me re ma ins for me but y^e De ep Abyss of y^e Sea

The trembling Nymph did thus in tears Implore the watry God to dissipate her fears the God appears

the satyr flies while Neptune view'd the fair his wonding Eyes confess'd his flame and on'd his

vain Surprize forgot his Greatness she her fear while thus in sweetest Sounds she Charms her Ear.

AMYMONE

Vivace

Triumph triumph

triumph triumph Charm[s] Creature over your proud.....mptious Vanq[d] lover tri.....

.....umphing Conquest of your Charms While Neptune Courts you to his Arms

AMYMONE

Solo

Tri.....umph Tri...umph in the Conquest the

Conquest of your Cha.....

rms Tri-umph in the Conquest the Conquest of your Charms

AMYMONE.

Beautious Creature how if ever

you intend to Bleſs a lover yeild to me yeild to me if left can mo

D C

D C

ve thy tender Soul thy tender Soul to ſofteſt love thy tender Soul to ſofteſt love.

A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Handel.

Siciliana

Let me wander not unseen by Hedgeron
Elms on Hillocks green.
Shew the Plowman near at
hand whistles over the furrow'd Land then y Plowman near at hand whistles over the furrow'd
Land and the Milkmaid smooth blithe & y Mower whets his scythe and every
Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale and every
Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

Love reveal'd.

Set by M.r H. Hodson

Affettuoso

Why should I my Passion smoother Or the Man I love tor ment

my Frown may drive him to a no ther then too late I ma-

-y re pent then too late I may re pent

How often he has fondly woo'd me
Yet I always seemed Coy
Tho' in melting Strains he sued me
Against my Will I did deny

Thus we force our Selves to suffer
And slight w.h we so much prize
Yet tis easy to discover
Our own Thoughts within our Eyes

I cannot resist no longer
Hes y only Man I love
And my Passion grows y stronger
Since he does so constant prove

Ill Endeavour to regain him
And his constant Love requite
Tho so long I did disdain him
In him alone I take delight

Sweet Endearments may allure him
Never can I be at rest
Till for ever I secure him
Its he alone can make me blest

Flute

A Favourite Song

Set by Mr Boyce

Fairest of the Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swains Abode

See yon fertile Vale along the new worn Path & Flocks have trod Persue & Prints their

Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade and they shall guide thee to the Shade Fairest of the

Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swains Abode See yon fertile Vale along the new worn Path & Flocks have trod Per-

sue the Prints their Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade & they shall guide thee to the Shade

Flute

Rural Life.

Set by Mr Howard

How happy is the Maid who
lives a rural life By no false views be tray'd to know domestick strife No Passion sways her
mind or wishes to be Great So humble hopes confind she shuns ye flatt'ring Bait To
humble hopes confind she shuns ye flatt'ring Bait

Her Soul with calm disdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride,
Behold ye Rich and Vain,
In gilded fetters tyd;
While Titles Wealth & Pow'r,
The gaudy Scene display;
And Pageants of an Hour;
In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy,
Her faithful Bosom share;
He doubles all her Joy,
And lessens all her care:
Their moments on the wing,
The mutual Bliss improve,
And give perpetual Spring,
To Virtue Truth and Love.

Flute

A Favourite Song

Sym:

Andante

Tell me lovely Shepherd where fp. where tell me

P: F: P:

where thou feedst at Noon thy fleecy Care Sym: Direct me to thy sweet Re

F: P:

treat thy guards thee from thy Midday Heat Sym. F:

P:

Left by the Flocks I lone ly stray Without a

P:

Guide & lose my Way fp. F. where rest at Noon thy bleating

F: P:

in Solomon.

Set by Mr Boyce

Care Gentle Shepherd tell me where *where* *fy:* *where*

where tell me where where rest at Noon thy bleating Care Gentle

Shepherd tell me where tell me gentle Shepherd where

For the Flute, or German Flute.

Sym.

Andante

fo: *fy:* *fy:* *fo:* *fy:* *fy:* *fo:* *fy:* *fo:*

The Doubtfull Lover.

Set by Mr. Howard

Tell me my Delia tell me why my kindest fondest looks you fly

What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of fend ed tell me how

What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of fend ed tell me how

Some change has happend in thy Heart,—
Some Rival there has stoln a part;—
Reason, these fears might disapprove;—
But Oh I fear; because I Love.—

Flute.

The Secret Kiss.

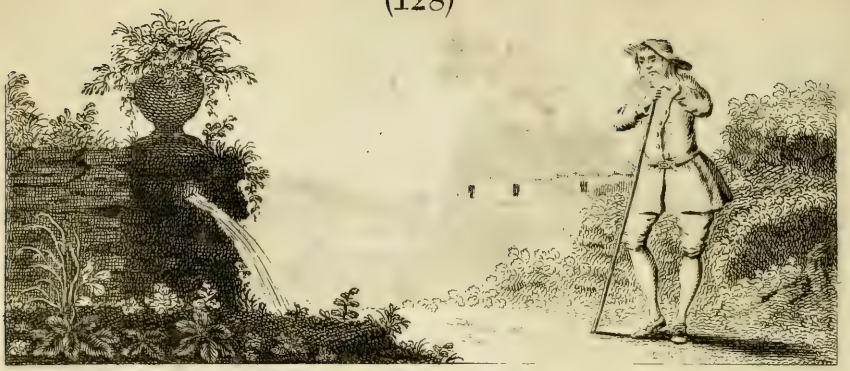
Set by Mr Oswald

At the Silent Evening Hour Two fond Lovers in a
Bower Sought sought their mutual Bliss Tho her Heart was
just re lenting Tho' her Eyes seem'd just Con senting Yet
yet she fear'd to Kiss

Since this secret Shade he cry'd —
Will those rosy Blushes hide —
Why why will you resist —
When no tell-tale Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Who, who would not be kiss'd.

Celia hearing what he said —
Blushing lifted up her Head —
Her Breast soft Wishes fill —
Since she cry'd no Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Kiss, kiss or what you will —

Flute



The Despairing Shepherd

Lampe

Set by Mr. Lampe

Cle--on whose Heart Fore-told Despair thus mourn'd his Hap-less Fate
Long have I tast---ed pining Care which Cru---el Fears Cre-ate

How did ye pleasing Minuits wast whilst Silvia blest the Grove but Minuits

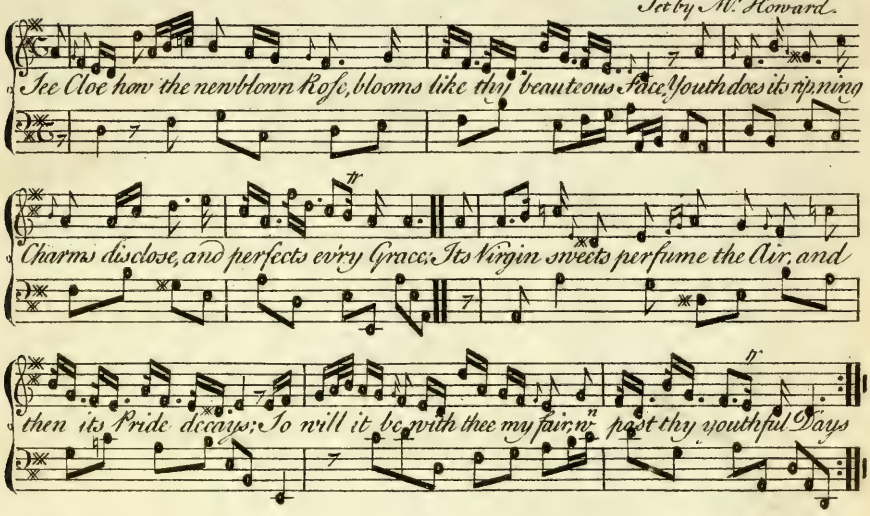
te dious A ges last now torn from her I love now torn from her I love

See how the Village Blithly gay —
Is all a Joyous Scene
The rural Nymphs all hail ye May
Like them I've happy been
But now no Pleasures Sooths my Care
Their happy Sports I shun
And fond my Sylvias griefs to share
Am Gloriously undone.

Flute

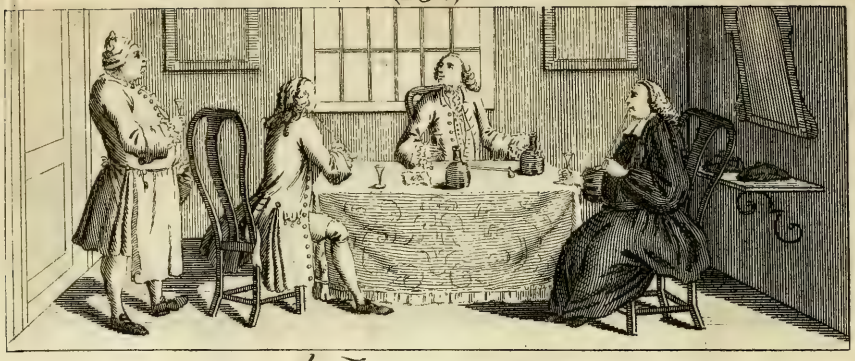
Advice to Cloe.

Set by M.r Howard.


See Cloe how the newblown Rose, blooms like thy beauteous Face, Youth does its ripning
Charms disclose, and perfects every Grace; Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, and
then its Pride decays; So will it be with thee my fair, post thy youthful Days

No April can revive thy Charms,
No Sun can light thine Eyes;
Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,
When Age begins to rise:
Then Cloe let my Passion move
Thy Pity for my Pain;
Obey the Voice of gentle Love,
Love, and be Lov'd again.

For y.e German Flute.



A Favourite Song

Allegro

Zeno Plato Aristotle all were Lovers of the Bottle Sy: Poets Painters & Musicians

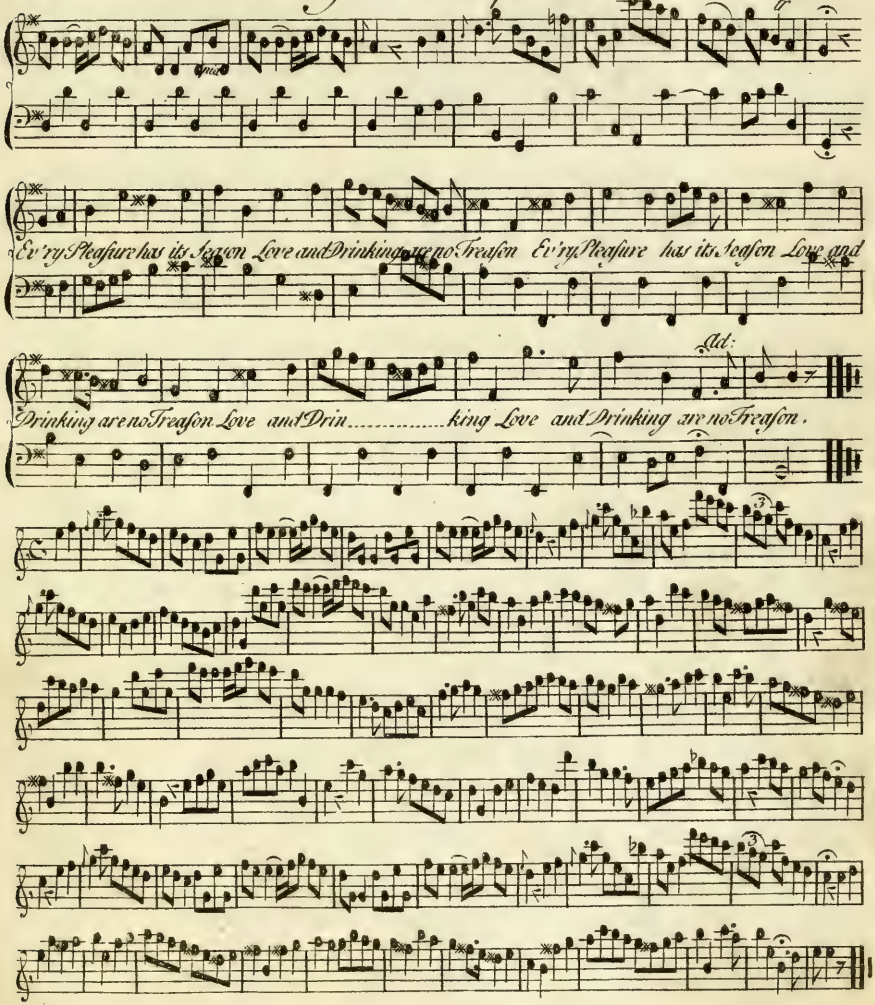
Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Lass all require a chearful Glass Zeno

Plato Aristotle all were Lovers of the Bottle Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians

all admire a pretty Lass all require a chearful Glass Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Phy

sicians all admire a pretty Lass all require a chearful Glass Sy:

Set by Mr Lampe!


Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season Love and Drinking are no Treason Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season Love and
Drinking are no Treason Love and Drin.....king Love and Drinking are no Treason.
Ad:

A Favourite Song,

Allegro

On his Face the Ver--nal Rose Blended with the Lil--ly Glows

Sym: His Locks are as the Ra-ven black in Ringlets wa ving

down his Back Sym: His Eyes with milder Beauties

beam than billing Doves beside ỹ stream His youthfull Cheeks are Beds of

Flowers En-ri-pend by refreshing showers Sy.

His Lips are of the Rose's Hue dropping with a fra grant

Set by M.r Boyce.

Duo

Tall as ỹ Cedar he appears & as Erect his form he bears

Tall as ỹ Cedar he appears And as Erect his form he bears

Largo pia.

This this O ye Virgins this is ỹ Swain whose absence causes all my Pain.

FLUTE.

Sy. Sy. So. Sy. So. Sy. So. Sy.

A Favourite Song.

Set by Mr Perlleur.

tr tr tr

p: f:

Sy.

Women form'd by Nature Coy, blush to give or take the joy.

Sy. tr

Man by Nature warm & brave must to win them be a Slave. Fawn &

flatter sigh and whine Call their Mortal Chair ms call their Mortal

Charms divine. When the Fool thus we please Female pri

de deceiv'd Female Pride deceiv'd obeys. Sy

A Favourite Song

Moderato

Set by Mr Oswald.

Polly when your Lips you join Lovely Ponting Lips to mine So the Bee the

flow'ry Field such a Banquet does not yield Not the dewy morning Rose

So much sweetness does inclose Not the Gods such Nectar sip As collin from thy

balmy Lip as collin from thy balmy Lip Kiss me then with

tr

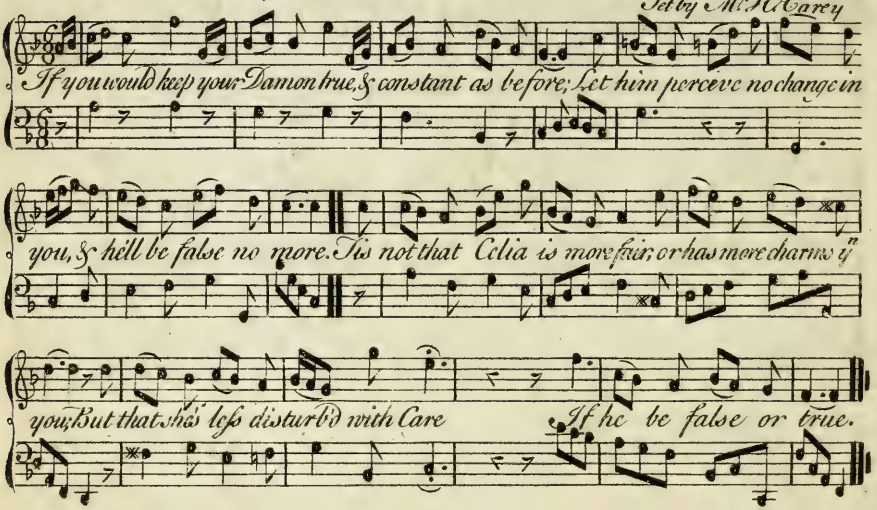
rapture Kiss. Well surpass the Gods in Bliss Well surpass Well surpass

tr tr

Well surpass the Gods in Bliss Well surpass the Gods in Bliss.

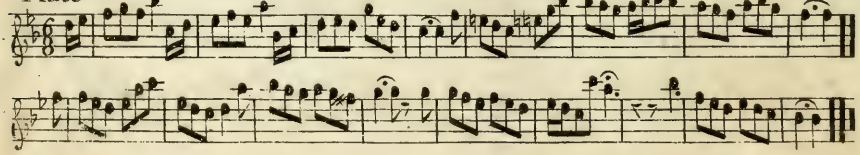
False Damon.

Set by M.r H. Carey


If you would keep your Damon true, & constant as before; Let him perceive no change in
you, & he'll be false no more. 'Tis not that Celia is more fair, or has more charms y.n
you; But that she's less disturb'd with Care If he be false or true.

Why then shoud you disgrace with Tears,
That Face which once was gay;
Or why shoud you distract with Fears,
That Heart which once was May.
Let Smiles again adorn your Face,—
Again be gay and glad,
And he'll again resume his Place,—
Or else by Jove he's mad.

Flute



Delia.

Set to M.r Howards favorite Musette.

Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin Grace Hark where Pleasure

blithe as May Bids us to Vaux Hall away. Tandant Vistos melting Sounds

Magic Echoes Fai-ry Rounds Beauties ev'ry where surprise Sure ỹ Spot dropt

from ỹ Skies Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin grace

hark where Pleasure blithe as May Bids us to Vaux-hall away.

For the German Flute.

Soft God of Sleep.

Set by Mr. Russel

Soft God of Sleep when thou dost seal the gay The gay Clarin-das Eyes

In gentle dreams to her re veal how Damon Damon for her dies

But if the fair one be dis pleas'd at the un wel come unwel come

Theme Ty pher and let her Soul be eas'd in finding it a Dream

Flute

To Silvia.

Set by Mr Howard

tr tr :S:

If Truth can fix thy wav'ring heart let Da mon

urge his Claim he feels the Paſsion void of art the Pure and constant Flame

tr

Tho' sighing Swains their tell their sensual love con

tem they on ly prize ỹ beauteous shell but slight ỹ inward Gem.

Poſsession cures the wounded Heart;
Destroys the transient Fire,
But when ỹ mind receives ỹ Dart,
Enjoyment whets Desire.
Your charms each slavish sense controul,
A Tyrants short liv'd Reign,
But milder Reason rules the Soul,
Nor time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your mind improves with Years,
As when the Blosoms fade away,
The ripning Fruit appears.
May Heavn & Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bleſs each future Hour;
That Damon, who can taste ỹ Fruit,
May gather evry Flower.

Cloe's Resolves.

Set By D.r Greene

As Cloe on Flowers reclind o'er the Stream she sight to the
Breeze & made Colin her Theme, tho' Pleasant the Stream & tho' Cooling the
Breeze & the Flowers tho' fragrant she panted for Ease, and the Flowers tho'
fragrant she panted for Ease

The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,—
It kiſsd ỹ sweet Banks but no longer would stay,
The Beauteous Inconstant & Faithleſs tho' Fair,
Ah! Colin look in and behold thyself there!—

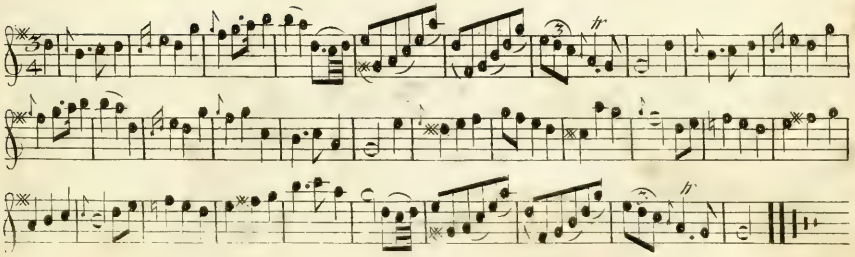
The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the Wind,
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.

The Flowers when gatherd so Beauteous & sweet,
Now fade on her Bosom and Dye at her Feet,
As fair in their Bloom and as foul in Decay,
Such Colin when Present and Colin away. —

In Rage and dispair from the Ground she arose,
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws, —
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to y^e^ Wind,
And resolves to Drive Colin quite out of her mind.

But what her resolves when her Colin appeard,
The Stream it stood still & no Tempest was heard,
The Flowers recoverd their beautiful Hue, ——
She found he was kind and believd he was True.

For the German Flute.



Ye Virgin Powers.

Set by W.m Howard.

Ye Virgin Powrs de

send my Heart from amrous Looks & Smiles from saucy Love and nicer Art which

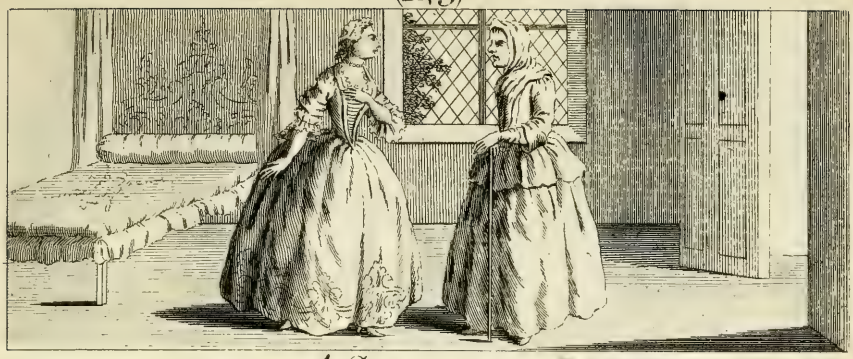
oft our Sex beguiles From sighs & Vows & awfull fears m.st most to

Pity move from speaking silence & from Tears those strings m.st water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow Blind
Let Honour be my Guide
And where frail Nature seem inclind
There place a Guard of Pride,

The maid whose charms are seen tho' Pure
Needs every Virtues Aid
And she who thinks herself secure
Shes soonest is betrayd.

tr tr tr



A Song

Set by M^r Howard.

Good

Mother if you please you may place others to observe my ways: Or be yourself if

watchful spy & keep me ever in your Eye keep me ever in your Eye.

Unless if Will if self restrain if Care of others is in Vain And if myself I

do not keep instead of watching you may sleep instead of watching you may sleep.

When you forbid what love inspires
Forbiding you but fan its fires;
Restraint does appetite enrage,
And Youth may prove too strong for me.

Then leave me unconfind and free,
With Prudence for my Lock & Key,
For if my self I do not keep,
Instead of watching All may sleep.

Florello and Daphne.

Set by M.r Howard

See Daphne see Florello cryd and learn ỹ sad effects of Pride Yon sheltered Rose how
close conceald how quickly blasted when reveald
The Sun w.th warm at-
tractive Rays temptd to wanton in ỹ blaze
A Gale succeeds from
eastern Skies & all its Blushing radiance dies & all its Blushing radiance dies

So you, my Fair, of charms Divine,—
Will quit the Plain, too fond to shine—
Where Fames transporting Rays allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure:—
The Breath of some neglected Maid,—
Shall make you sigh, you left the Shade,
A Breath, to Beauties Bloom, unkind,—
As to the Rose, the eastern Wind.——

The Nymph reply'd, you first my Swain,
Confine your Sonnets to the Plain;—
One envious Tongue, alike disarms—
You of your Wit, Me of my Charms;—
What is unheard, the tuneful Thrill,—
Or what, unknown, the Poets skill,—
What, unadmir'd, a charming Mein,—
Or what the Roses Blush, unseen.

Why heaves my fond Bosom

Why

Heaves my fond Bosom Oh what can it mean Why flutters my Heart now it was once so Serene

Why this Sighing and trembling now Daphne is near or Why when She's absent this

Sorrow and Fear or why now She's absent this Sorrow and Fear.

For ever, methinks I with wonder could trace
The Thousand soft Charms that embelish thy Face
Each moment I view thee new Beauties I find
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslaved by thy mind
Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride
There native good Humour, and Virtue reside
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
With compassion for him who without thee must die.

The New flown Birds

Set by M. Lampe

The new flown Birds the Shepherds sing & welcome in ye May come list Corella

now the Spring makes every Landskip Gay Wide Spreading Trees their leafy shade over

half the Plain extend, or in reflecting Fountains play'd their quivring Branches Bend their

quivring Branches Bend or in reflecting Fountains play'd their quivring Branches Bend

Come taste the Season in its Prime
And bless the Rising Year
Oh how my Soul grows Sick of Time
Till thou my Love Appear
Then shall I pass the Glad'some Day
Warm in thy Beauty's Shine
When thy dear Flock shall feed & play
And intermix with mine

For thee of Doves a milk white Pair
In Silken Bands I hold
For the a Firstling Lambkin fair
I keep within the Fold
If milk white Doves acceptance meet
Or tender Lambkin please
My Spotless Heart without Deceit
Be offer'd up with these

A Favorite Song

Set by Mr. Wideman

Joy Enlightens all my Senses when I View the
Charming Fair Evry Pleasure She Dispences
Evry wish I find in Her I unlike a wand'ring Lover
who to ease his roving mind thinks in thousands
to discover what in her a lone I Find

Whilst Mankind their Hours are wasting
Evry Fair by turns to move
My Delights are true and Lasting
Blest'd with Innocence and Love
In one Charmer place your Treasure
Happiness is only there
Constancy's the greatest pleasure
When two Hearts united are

The Charms of Lovely Peggy

Sung by Mr. Offeild

Once more I'll tune the vocal Shell to Hills & Dales my Passion tell A

tr

Flame wch time can never quell that burns for thee my Peggy Ye greater Bards y

Lyre should hir for Say what Subject is more fit, than to record the Sparkling

tr tr

Wit and Bloom of Lovely Peggy and Bloom of lovely Peggy.

Sig. Sig.

The Sun first rising on the Morn
That Paints the Dew bespangled Thorn
Does not so much the Day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy
And when to Thetes Lap to rest
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy

When Zephyr on the Violet blows
Or breath's upon the Damask Rose
He does not half the Sweet disclose
As does my lovely Peggy
I stole a Kiss the other Day
And trust me, nought but truth I say
The fragrant Breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy

When she's arrayed in rustick Weed
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed
And Pipe upon my Oaten Reed
To please my lovely Peggy
With her a Cottage would delight
All's happy when she's in my sight
And when shes gone tis endless Night
All's dark without my Peggy

While Bees from Flower to Flower rove
And Linnets wander thro' the Grove
Or Stately Swans the Water love
So long shall I love Peggy
When Death with his Sharp pointed Dart
Shall strike the Blow that rives my heart
My Words shall be as I depart
Adieu my lovely Peggy

Flute

The Contented Man

Set by Mr Leveridge

Give me Health give me Wine thats the Top of my De sign if those Joys may be
mine I am quite con ten ted Some there are that have got whims of
this and whims of that and at last know not what al ways Discon ten ted give me
Health give me Wine that the Top of my De sign if those Joys may be mine I am quite con ten ted

Some again do adore,
Restless State to give em Pow'r
Craving Still more and more
But if once Prevented

Then they Frett and are seen
Full of Vapours greif and Spleen
Yet would faign Seem Sereen
Tho the Heart's Tormented

He who gives up his Reign
To put on the Lovers Chain
What by that can he gain
But to be Lamented

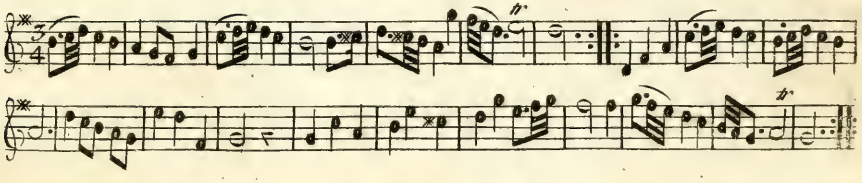
'Tis the cool eary Man
Lives in quiet thro his Span
This the Wise have made plain
And what must be granted

Musick and Beauty

Set by Mr. Stanley

Musick has pow'r to melt the Soul By Beau ty, Na ture
1
2
Swayd Each can the Uni verse controul, without the o thers Aid
Each can the U niverse controul without the o thers Aid

But here together both appear.
And force united try
Musick enchants the listning Ear.
And Beauty charms the Eye
What cruelty, these Pow'rs to join.
These transports, who can bear
O let the Sound be less Divine
Or look the Nymphs less fair.



The Rapture.

Set by M. O'Donald

Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying Celia who can speak my Bliss
Who the Rapture I'm enjoying When thy Balmy Lips I Kiss

Every Look will Love inspire me Every Touch my Bo..som Warms

Every Melting Murmur fires me Every joy is in thy Arms.

Those dear Eyes how soft they languish
Feel my Heart with Rapture beat
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish
When the Transport is so sweet
Look not so divinely on me
Celia I shall die with Bliss
Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me
Who'd not die a death like this

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

Sacharissa

Andante

Set by Mr W. Hayes of Oxford

Dear un re lent ing cru el Fair how could you first my Heart en snare? Then leave that Heart to bre ak Then leave that Heart to break

How could you first ob tain a Prize By those dear sweet deluding Eyes And then that Prize for sake And then that Prize for sake.

Ad.o And.te

Ad.o And.te

Like the close everlasting Flame —
My Heart is doom'd to burn the same
Whilst you the Heart inspire —
You like the Vestal void of Sleep —
Within eternal Vigils keep —
And feed the fainting Fire. —

Dear cruel Nymph these Flames suppress
O Love me more or plague me less —
Too much you know I've bore —
For shame throw off that haughty Air —
And shew the soft complying Fair —
Or let me love no more. —

Flute

Ad.o And.te

The Power of Wine

Set by Mr Corfe

Blooming Bacchus ever young Sweet as ma ger of all care

When invoked by fab'ring Tongue ever ready thou to hear

ever ready thou to hear hear Let us by thy influence fire lead & mad fancy flock

Let us by thy influence fire lead & mad fancy flock

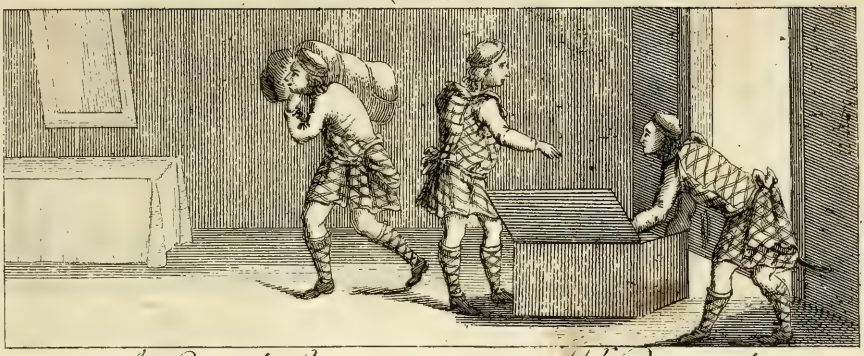
round Whilst our songs by & by inspir'd louder & still still louder Sound louder still Still louder & louder Sound

round Whilst our songs by & by inspir'd louder & still still louder Sound louder still Still louder & louder Sound

Thou dost make the Coward brave
Thou dost freezon Strange warm
Thou dost Freedom give the Slave
And thy Sons protect from Harm
Let us &c

Thou dost in fair ones Breast
Soft desires kind wishes raise
When y Amorous Swain is blest
Shine & Conquest thine the Praise
Let us &c

To our Vows propitious prove
We by thy assistance may
Triumph over the God of Love
Triumph over the God of Day
Let us &c



A Loyal Song Sung by Mr Beard

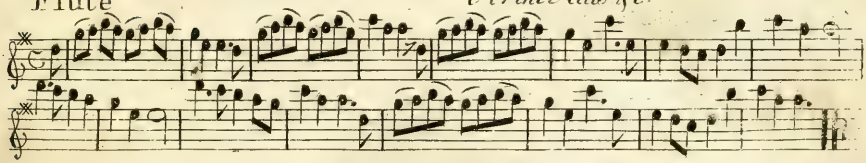
From Barren Caledonian Lands hor'd Famine unconteuded Comm and The Rebell Clans in
Search of Preyame over ye Hills and far away Over the Hills and far away, Over the
Hills & far away The Rebell Clans in Search of Preyame over the Hills & far away

Regardless, wether wrong or Right, The Popish Priests among us Rule
For Booty not for Fame they Fight Each weak deceivd, believing Fool
Banditts like they storm they Slay When Justice does her Sword display
They Plunder Rob & run away She'll drive these Locust far away
Over the Hills &c. Over the Hills &c.

With these a vain Pretenders come, Let Britons firm in Freedoms Cause
And Perjurd Traitors Dupes to Rome Assert our Rights Support our Laws
Determind all without delay Defend our Faith our King obey
To Conquer Dye or run away And Treason soon shall loose its way
Over the Hills &c. Over the Hills &c.

Our Sons of War with Martial Flame
Shall bravely merit lasting Fame
Great George shall Britons Sceptre sway
And chace Rebellion far away
Over the Hills &c.

Flute



A Favourite Hunting Song

The Chace is over, yon ỹ Plain ỹ Hounds ỹ Lusty stag has slain Let ỹ Horn wᵗʰ Sprightly

Tone allour Sportive Pleasures Crown

Of Britons thus ỹ Ancient Race wᵗʰ nervous Toil pursud ỹ Chace

By no ungenrous Thoᵗ contrould their Hearts ᵉᵃᶜʰ Honest Free & Bold their Hearts wᵗʰ Honest free and

Bold Free & Bold Free & Bold

Sung by Mr. Beard.

Of Britons thus y Antient Race with nervous Toil pur

sued y Chace Of Britons thus y Ancient Race w th nervous Toil pursued y e Chace

with nervous Toil pursued y e Chace pursued y e

Chace By no ungenrous

Thought contrould th. Heart w th Honest free & Bold their Heart w th Honest

free & Bold their Heart w th Honest free & Bold their Heart w th Honest

Set by Mr. Howard

Free & Bold their Hearts were Honest Free and Bold

Like them a gain we

Slaves to Courts let Britons still pursue their Sports like them a

gain shall Britons be as Brave as Honest and as Free like them a

gain shall Britons be as Brave as Honest and as Free D.C

The Constant Lover. Set by Mr. Boyce

If you my wand'ring Heart would find, if Heart you say is like y Wind that varies here that

wanders there to ev'ry Nymph y kind & fair I say if you this Heart would find turn to y own un

set told mind if e'er it wanders 'tis to be, in wand'ring constant thy th thee

How can it Settle when you fly
And Shun this faithful votary
If oft a Nymph that's fair doth find
But never yet the Nymph that's kind
If you would fix this wand'ring Heart
Join it with yours 'twill never depart
But in the Pangs of Death will prove
I wander'd but to fix your Love

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp.

Cloe Pursúd.

Set by Mr. Rufsel.

When Cloe by your Slave pursud Why should you fly so fast? So

the Strayd Fawn 'ith' path less Wood To her lost Dam makes hast

Each noise a-larms and all things add new Ter rors to her Fear She

starts at ev··· ry dan··cing Shade each Breath of singing Air

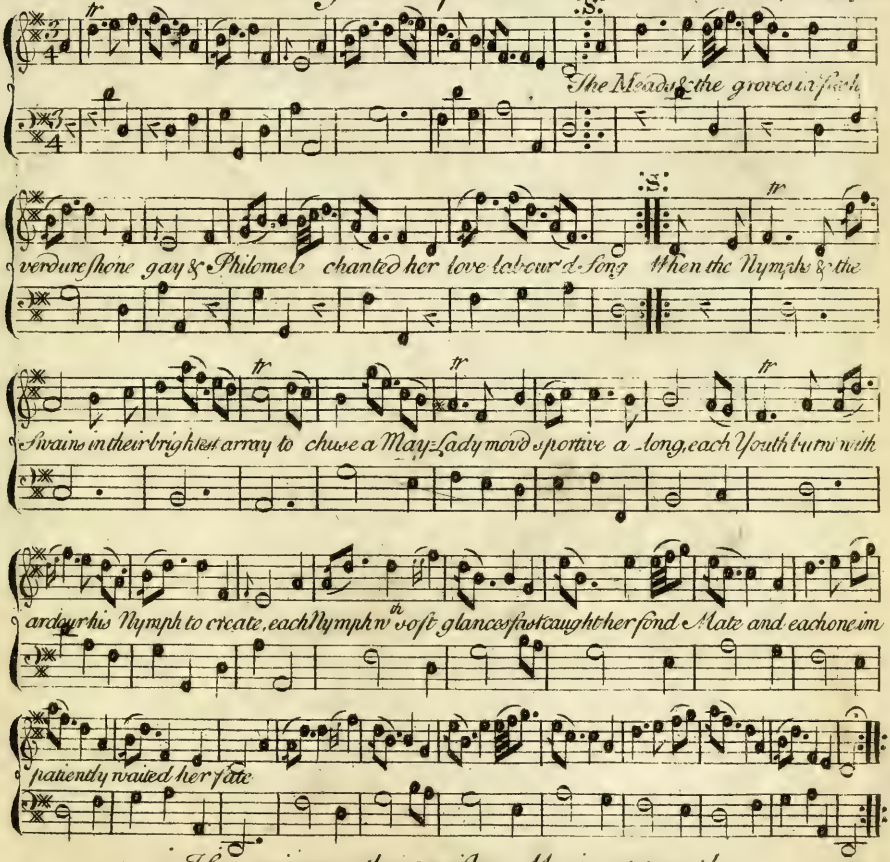
With every Leaf each Bush that shakes
Throughout the murm'ring Grove
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes
She trembles as they move
Fond Maid unlike the Wolf and Boar
I hunt not to destroy
My utmost Prey would be no more
Than you might give with Joy.

Urgid on by soft and gentle Love
I harmlesly pursue
Your Flight to me may cruel prove
But not my Chace to you
Cease idle Dreams of fancyd Harm
So Childish fears Trapans
Leave running to thy Mothers Arms
Who now art fit for Mans.

Flute

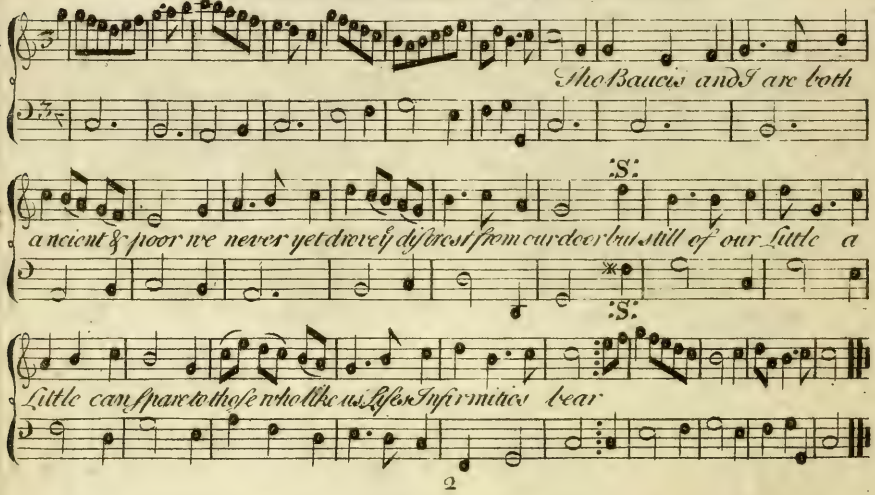
A Song to a favourite Air

Setby Mr Morgan


The Meads & the groves in fresh
verdure shone gay & Philomel chanted her love labour'd Song When the Nymphs & the
Swains in their brightest array to chuse a May-Lady mov'd sportive a long, each Youth burns with
ardour his Nymph to create, each Nymph w^th soft glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one im
patiently waited her fate

How vain were their wishes Maria appear'd
Like Beauty's fair Goddess incircled with Love
With Graces attractive each heart she endear'd
In Majesty passing the Consort of Jove
The Swains round her moving glad homage did pay
The Nymphs with wreathd Garlands no longer delay
To Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May

Baucis and Philemon


The Baucis and I are both
:S:
a neient & poor we never yet drove distrest from our door but still of our little a
:S:
Little can spare to those who like us Lifes Infirmities bear

2

Come come my good Friends let us go in together
A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather
Our Hearts they are great tho our Means are but Small
Youre heartily welcome and thats best of all

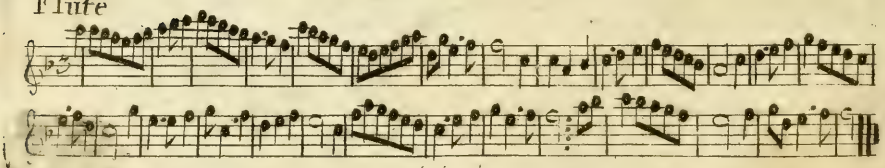
3

Youre welcome at our humble Board to partake
Of a Jugg of good Ale and a good Barley Cake
A good roaring Fire as high as your Nose
And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose

4

We know no Ambition we have no Estate
Nor Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate
We earn what we Spend and we pay as we go
It were not a miss if the Rich wou'd do So.

Flute



Happy Paper

Set by Mr. Holcombe

Go happy Paper gently Steal and un - der neath her Pillow

S:

lye There in Soft Dreams my Love re - veal that love which I must

Still con - ceal and wrapt in anfull Silence dye

2

Should flames be doomed thy hapless fate
To Atoms then would'st quickly turn
My Pains may bear a longer Date
For Should I live & Should She Hate
In endless Torments I Should burn

4

Of all ỹ pleas'd my ravish'd Eye
Her Beauty Should Supply ỹ Place
Bold Raphaels Strokes & Titians Dye
Should but in vain presume to vye
With her inimitable Face

3

See fair Aurelia She has Charm
Might in a Hermit stir Desire
To attain ỹ Heav'n that's in her Arms
I'd quit ỹ Worlds allureing Charms
And to a Cell content retire

5

No more I'd wish for Phoebus Rays
To gild the Object of my Sight
Much less ỹ Tapers fainter Blaze
Her Eyes should measure out my days
And when She slept it should be Night

Flute

A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Oswald

Should love sincere devoid of artless joy or bliss bestow, Because if hand goes with if heart must

that create our Woe, Tho' Hymens Torch burns often dim tis not poor Hymens, fault he never design'd his

Nymphs & Swains should traffick or be bought Should traffick or be bought.

2

But Plutus foe to gen'rous Love,
Its Ruin Curse and Bane,
Resolv'd that Gold should only move
The youthful Nymph & Swain:
Thus Riches Joyns unequal Pair
Neglecting care and Rule
The Ugly with the blooming Fair
The witty with the Fool
The witty with &c.

3

Let Sense & merit sex if Choice
Good Nature too should aid
Attend to Truths unerring Voice
And let not wealth perwade
A Partner thus by reason chose
Your tenderness repays
No Chains no Fetters will impose
But Soothe your Nights & Days
But Soothe &c.

Love and Reason.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs who guard the

Fair, Let Celia's charms employ y^r care may each fleet hour to her be blest & may no fears her mind invest

Direct her to receive y^r Love which Heav'n & she must needs approve for all loves shrine was there decreed for her my

ten der Heart should bleed For her my ten der Heart should bleed.

2

Check not my Fair what Heav'n inspires,
That Flame which burns with chast desires.
Where Joy n' here Love alone preside
C'ex Life's dull Scenes to be our guide
Where Honour Truth & Virtue Joy nd
At once improve & cheer the mind
There Social Pleasures ever last,
And mutual glide from Breast to Breast
And mutual &c.

3

Hast then my beauteous Fair to Crown
My Bliss & make my Joys your own
Shun what obstructs kind Heav'ns design
In making lovely Celia mine;
Let Love each rising Fear controul
Dives teach Care & fill your Soul
Then mutual Bliss shall swell each breast
Till pres'd with Age we sink to rest
Till pres'd &c.

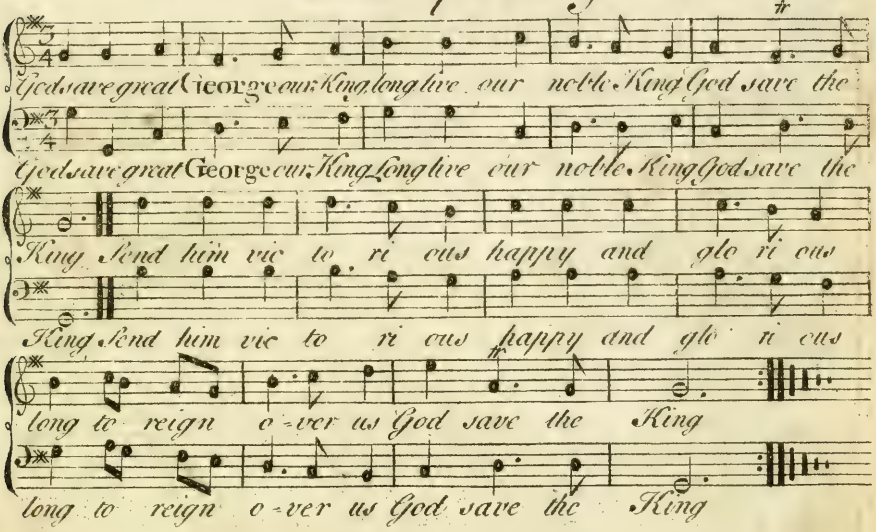
Walleys Complaint

Oh Who is me poor Walley Cryd See how Im Wasted to a Span. My
Heart I Lost when first I Spyd That Lovely Smirking Milkm.d Nan Im
Grown so weak the Gentlest Breeze of Dusty Rogers Whining fann can
Waft me ore yon Beachey Trees and all for the Sake of my Smirking Nan

The Ale Wife misses me of late There's Dick of ye Green & Dirty Loon
I us'd to tope an a Hearty Cann Last Sunday to my Mistres's Ran
But I can neither Eat nor Drink He Stole a Kiss & I Knock'd him doon
But what is Bak'd & Brew'd by Nan Which Hugely pleas'd my Smirk'd Nan
The Baker Bakes the finest Bread But Oh the Roaring Soldier Comes
He Uses ye Flower & leaves ye Bran With his Ran tan tara ra ra ra ran
Like Bran to me is every other Maid Her Coves She quits for ye Noisy Drum
And when Come paird to my smirk Nan Oh Woe is me I've lost Poor Nan

FLUTE

A Loyal Song


God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
King send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
King send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
long to reign o-ver us God save the King
long to reign o-ver us God save the King

O Lord our God arise
Scatter his Enemies
And make them fall
Confound their Politicks
Frustrate their Knavish tricks
On thee our Hopes we fix
God save us all

Thy choicest Gifts in Store
On him be pleas'd to pour
Long may he reign
May he defend our Laws
And ever give us Cause
With Hearts & Voice to Sing
God Save the King

Flute

Mutual Love

Set by Mr Larken

Hon few amongst the Thousands Pairs, By Wedlock doomd to constant cares; Are fit the Yoke to

bear Are fit the Yoke to bear The Husband claims his Sov'reign right, The Wife runs counter

out of Spight, And does her Vows forswear And does her Vows for Swear

2

But some there are whom mutual Love
Does prompt with free Consent to move
Submissive to their Fate, Submissive &c.
Thrice happy is that prudent He
Thrice happy is that prudent She
Blest with so kind a Mate; Blest &c.

3

Should I & CELIA ever join
I would be hers and She'd be mine
For we two would be one For &c.
Complying with each others Will
Of genrous Love would take our Fill
Our Joys Should ne'er be done; Ours

Flute

A Song Sung by Mr Lowe

Set by Mr Worgan

Sym.

When mighty Sol at noon of day with fultry beams began to play I wander'd thro' a verdant Glade Seeking y most ob-

liging Shade Seeking y most obliging Shade where on a neavy Mofs reclind I

Chloe Slaping chance to find.

The Trees Ambitious, see m'd to be
With meeting Arms her Canopy
A Brook hard by did softly creep
As if it fear'd to break her Sleep &c
Whose Streams transparent smooth & Clear
Of her Chast mind the Emblems were

The Sight so Charming could y Sun
Have Seen'n had Stopp'd to Gaze upon
Down by the Nymph I Softly layd
And did at length my self perswade, And do
To Steal a Kiss & win the Gloves
And who my boldness disapproves

Flute

Colin's Description of Vauxhall

Set by Mr Gladwin

O Mary soft in Feature, I've been at dear Vauxhall no Paradise is
sweeter not that they Eden call. At Night such new Vagaries. Such gay &
harmless sport. All look'd like Giant Fairies. And this their Monarchs Court.

Methought when first I enter'd
Such Splendors round me shone
Into a World I ventured
Where reign another Sun
Whilst Musick never cloying,
As Sky Larks sweet I hear
The Sounds I'm still enjoying
They'll always sooth my Ear

Hear Paintings sweetly glowing
Where ever our Glances fall
Here Colours Life bestowing
Bedeck this Green wood Hall
The King there dubs a Farmer
There John his Doxy loves
But my Delights the Charmer
Who Steals a Pair of Gloves

As still amaz'd I'm Straying
O'er this inchanted Grove
I Spy a Harper playing
All in his proud Alcove
I doff my Hat desireing
I'd tune up Buxom Joan
But what was I admiring
Odzooks a man of Stone

But now the Tables Spreading
They all fall to with Glee
Not e'en at Squires fine Wedding
Such Dainties did I See
I long'd poor Starveling Rover
But none heed Country Elves
These Folk with Lace dawb'd over
Love only dear themselves

Thus whilst mid Joys abounding
As Grasshoppers they're gay
At Distance Crouds surrounding
The Lady of the May
The Man i'th Moon tweer'd slily
Soft twinkling thro the Trees
As tho to would please them highly
So taste Delights like These

The Mutual Kiss

Affetto

Setby Mr Oswald

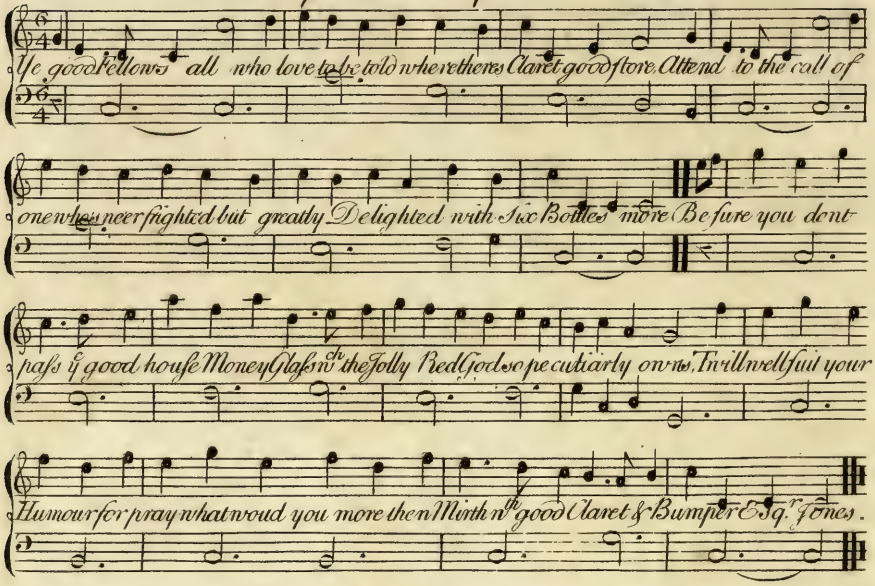
Celia by those Smiling Graces Which my panting Bosom warms By the
Heaven of thy Em-braces By thy wondrous power to Charm By those
Soft be-witching Glances Which my inmost be-som move, By those
Lips whose Kiss en-trances She and She a-lone I love

By thy Godlike Art of loving
Celia with a Blush replies
By thy heavenly power of moving
All my Soul to Sympathize
By those eager soft Caresses
By those Arms around me thrown
By that Look which Truth expresses
My fond Heart is all thy own

Thus with glowing Inclination
They indulge y tender Bliss
And to bind the lasting Passion
Seal it with a mutual Kiss
Close in fond Embraces lying
They together seem to grow
Such Supream Delight enjoying
As true Lovers only know

Flute

Bumper Esquire Jones.


Ye good Fellows all who love to be told where there's Claret good store Attend to the call of
one who never fighted but greatly Delighted with Six Bottles more Be sure you dont
pass y good house Money Glass nr the Jolly Red God so peculiarly owns, I will well suit your
Humour for pray what would you more then Mirth n good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones.

Ye Lovers who pine
For Lasses y oft prove as cruel as fair;
Who whimpers and whine,
For Lillies and Roses,
With Eyes, Lips and Noses,
Or Tip of an Ear;
Come hither I'll Shew ye
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasions such sighs & such groans
For what Mortal so Stupid
As not to quit Cupid
When called by good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Poets who write,
And brag of y drink'd Jam'd Helicons Brook
The all you get by't,
Is a Dinner of Lines
In Reward for your Rhymes
With Humphry the Duke
Learn Bacchus to follow
And quit your Apollo
Forsake ally Muses thes senseless Chorones
Our jingling of Glasses,
Your Rhyming Surpasses,
When crown'd n good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Soldiers so Stout,
With Plenty of Oaths the ne Plenty of Coin.
Who make such a Rout
Of all your Commanders
Who Serv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your Rattling
Of Staging and Battling
And know your Duty to Steer the whole Bones
Were you Sent to Gibralter
Your Note you'd Soon alter
And wish for good Claret & Bumper Esq.r Jones.

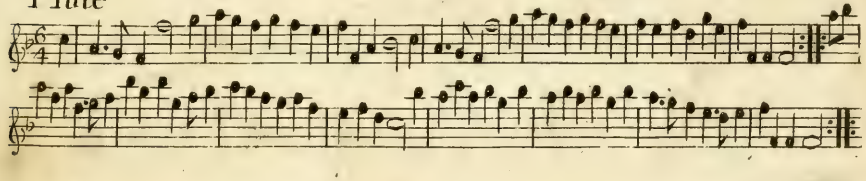
Ye Clergy so wise
Who Mysteries unfound can demonstrate clear
How worthy to rise
You preach once a Week
But your Sythes never Seek
Above once in a Year
Come hear without failing
And leave off your railing
Gainst Bishops in ruling so dull Stupid Drones
Says the Text so divine
What is Life without Wine
Then away with y.e Claret & Bumper Esq.r Jones

Ye Lawyers so Just
Bec.e Cause what is will who so learnedly plead
How worthy of Trust
You know black from White
Yet prefer Wrong to Right
As you're chanc'd to be fee'd
Leave musty Reports
And for sake the Kings Courts
Where dulness & Discord have set up their Thrones
Burn Talkeild & Ventris
With all your damn'd Entries
And away with y.e Claret & Bump.r Esq.r Jones

Ye Physical Tribe
Whose knowledge consists in hard Words & Grimace
Whene'er you prescribe
Have at your Devotion
Pills Bolus or Potion
Be what will the Case
Pray where is the Need
To purge Blister and Bleed
When ailing your Zebras y.e whole Faculty Owns
That the Forms of Old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good Claret & Bump.r Esq.r Jones

Ye Fox Hunters eke
That fellow y.e Caller y.e Horns & Hound
Who your Ladies for sake
Before they're awake
To beat up the Brake
Where the Vermin is found
Leave Piper and Blue man
Shrill Dutchess and Tiv'man
No Musick is found in such dissonant Tones
Would you ravish your Ears
With the Songs of the Spheres
Hark away to y.e Claret & Bumper Esq.r Jones

Flute



Reason for Ranging

Andante

Set by Mr Carey

View my Eyes my lovely Charmer; Con=stancy has now the Day; Tell me not my

Heart was warmer when it us'd to go --- a Stray; Love in youth does fiercely blaze; But so

Strong it never Stays, Love in Youth does fiercely blaze, But so Strong it never Stays

If I follow'd every Creature
Sure the fault may be forgiven
'Tis the frailty of our nature
Who can change the will of Heaven
Tho the Object might be new
Yet to Love I Still was true

Cupid Guardian of my heart,
Let it loose to range a while,
In each Eye it found a Dart.
And engaged by every Smile,
Thus it was for you design'd,
Formed by practice to his mind.

Cupid to me ever kind
Kept the purest of the fire
Dross consumed my heart refind
Made it flame with Soft desire
Such a Flame as will be true
Such the God reserv'd for you

Flute

A Favourite Song

Set by Mr Boyce

Venus to Sooth my Heart to Love gave thee ye mildness of the Dove
With tender looks of Soft distress to rob me of my Quietness

Appollo with Her does conspire
And lends thee both his Skill & Lyre
Compell'd to Serve by joint decree
In vain I Struggle to get free

I call on Reason to resist
But she refuses to assist.
Nor dares oppose the mighty odds
Since She is Human They are Gods

FLUTE

The Indifferent Lover

Set by Mr. Oswald

What means this niceness now of late, Since time & Truth does prove, Such distance may exist th State But never will th Love; Tis neither cunning or disdain if does such ways allow The first is base if last is vain may neither happen you may neither happen you

For if it be to draw me on
You ever act your Part
And if it be to have me gone
You need not half that Art
For if you chance a Look to cast
That seems to be a Frown
I'll give you all if Love that's past
The Rest shall be my own
The Rest shall be my own

Flute

Advice to Sylvia

Set by Sig.r Tortorini

Sylvia

wilt thou waste thy Prime a Stranger to y.e Joys of Love thou hast youth & that's y.e Time, Ev'ry Minute

to improve Round thee wilt thou never hear Little wanton Girles & Boys Sweetly Sounding

in thy Ear Sweetly cooing in thy Ear Infants Race & Mothers Joys. Sy:

Only view that little Dove,
So fitly cooing to its Mate;
As a farther Proof of Love,
See her for his Kisses wait,
Hark! the charming Nightingale
As it flies from Spray to Spray
Sweetly tunes an amorous Tale Sweetly &c
I love, I love it Strives to Say

Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least a Thousandth Part,
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual change of Heart
Then repenting, wouldst thou say
Virgin Fears from hence remove
All y.e Time is thrown away, All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.

Goddess of Ease

Set by Mr. Boyce

Goddess of Ease leave to thee's Brink of segulous to the Muse and

me for once endure the Pain to think O Sweet Insensi bili ty

Sister of Peace, and Indolence bring Muse bring numbers soft and slow &

laborately void of Sense and Sweetly thoughtless let them flow

Sym.

Sweetly thoughtless let them flow. for

2

Near to Some Cowslips painted Mead,
There let me Doze away dull hours
And under me let Flora Spread
A Sopha of her Softest Flowers
Where Philomel, your notes you breath
Forth from behind ỹ neighbouring Pine
Whilst murmers of the Stream beneath
Shall flow in unison with thine

3

For Thee, O Idleness the woes
Of life we patiently endure
Thou art ỹ Source, whence, labour flows
We Shun Thee but to make thee Sure
For who'd endure Wars toil & waste
Or who th'hoarse thundring of ỹ Sea
But to be Idle at the last
And find a pleasing End in Thee

Fill each Bowl

Set by Mr Galliard

Fill each Bowl with flowing measure Till it Sparkles over y Brim: The Grave of

Cares & Spring of pleasure Is when y Brains in Nectar swim. Fill your

veins with generous Wine: That's woman a lone refines & raise mor.....tals

and raise mortals to Divin. Drown th Beauty all our Glasses Beauty best our pleasures

guides: Give us but wine & blooming Lasses. Take back ye Gods all y gifts & Side

Flute

Fill me a Bowl

Spiritoso

Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capatious Soul

Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capatious

Soul Vast as my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my grave

I mean the Grave of all my Care for I de sign to burry it there

Let it of Silver fashiond be worthy of

Set to Musick by Mr Corfe

Wine worthy of me — Worthy to adorn the

Spheres worthy to a dorn the Spheres as that bright Cup as that bright Cup a

mongst ij Stars Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capatious Soul

Flute

Largo

The Lukewarm Lover

Set by Mr. Oswald

Whilst I

gaze on Chloe trembling, straight her Eyes my Fate declare, when She

Smiles I fear dissembling, when she frowns I then despair jealous of some

rival Lover if a wandring Look She give, Fain I would resolve to

leave her but can sooner cease to live

Why should I conceal my Passion,
Or the Torments I endure
I'll disclose my Inclination
Awful distance yields no Cure
Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave
She is too divine a Creature
To destroy what She can Save

Happy's he whose Inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat
Never flies upto a Passion
Loves a Torment if too great
When the Storm is once blown over
Soon the Ocean quiet grows
But a constant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose

Sportive Zephyrus

Set by Mr. Howard

Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing, Spreading Odours, through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing; to Vauxhall my Delia bear.

Flora can't more Sweetly bless Thee Playing, Straying round her Charms

Then when Delia's Smiles address me Sigh ing dy ing in her Arms

Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing; Spreading Odours through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing; To Vaux hall my Delia bear

The Lady of the May

Set by Mr Corfe

Sy

Moderato

Pretty Wanton come away Lovers month is always May, long have I toolong to say, Iud ly Wanton thing to play,

But alas & well o day when I sue you cry me nay when I sue you cry me nay To requite my lingring stay

Pay me never never pay Nature smiles all is ga - - -

To Cælia

pia Set by Mr Crome

Slow

Why Cælia this Wavering & doubting of mind Why one minute cruel & one Minute kind: The season for Love is to short for delay And Beauty's a Flower & Soon fades away And Beauty's a flower it's Soon fades away

Gay Hopes and warm Hours are to fleeting to loose;
And they are the Blossoms each Lover must use
Unsettled by Nature they quickly take Wing
They die in the Autumn & bloom but in Spring. They die &c

That Air and that Shape so adapted for Love,
Those Eyes & those Features delusive will prove,
My Feelings so tender with Time will expire,
And by Ague of Age extinguish my Fire. And the &c.

Oh! think then, dear Fair one, resolve me in haste
The moments so precious were Treason to waste,
To Fears bid adieu from these Whimsies be free
And let, as design'd Love & Beauty agree. And let &c

Flute

Slow.

Florella and Chloe

Set by Mr Morgan

Florella lovely Nymph forbear to cloud a Face like thine, with Frowns ỹ nought but
Smiles should wear to please & bless mankind Sym.
With wrinkled haste old Time and Care will taint the liveliest Bloom, then do not by ill judgment
mar What will be lost too Soon, What will be lost too Soon. Sym.

See with what pleasure ev'ry Swain
The chearfull Chloe Views
See with ỹ joy they wear the Chain,
All pleas'd whom She subdues
Tho' fair her Face, divinely fair
Yet she more Conquest owes,
To that good Nature that appears,
In ev'ry thing She does.

And that will please when every joy
That Beauty gave is Dead,
And friendly Smooth ỹ wrinkled Brow
Of Ages Hoary Head
Then give to Smiles & Mirth ỹ Hour
Enjoy the present Store;
Defraud not Beauty of ỹ Pow'r
That soon will be no more

A New Song

Set by Mr. Oswald

Sym.

How long Eliza must I Languish and waste my Soul in tender Anguish How long thus drag out Life in vain Sym. Consider Time is Swift... ly flying Consider: ev' ry Day is dying And never will re... turn a gain And never will re... turn a gain. Sy.

O let not Pride and foolish Fashion,
And too much Prudence Starve my Passion.
Consult Some times the generous Breast:
There is the Seat of real Pleasure.
There Love creates the noblest Treasure
'Tis Solid Wisdom to be blest: 'Tis Solid &c

A Favourite Cantata. Sung by

Ye tender Pow'rs how shall I move, A

careless maid that laughs at Love how shall I move Ye tender Pow'rs a careless Maid that

laughs at love Cupid to my Succour fly: Cupid to my

Succour fly: Ye tender Pow'rs how shall I move A careless Maid y laughs at Love: Ye

tender Pow'rs how shall I move a careless Maid y laughs at Love Cupid to my Succour fly.

Tr Adº

y Cupid to my Succour fly

M^r Love at Vauxhall

Come with all thy thrilling darts thy melting Flames to soften Hearts Thy

melting Flames to soften Hearts. Thy melting Flames to soften Hearts. Conquer for me or I die. Use

Recit

Thus in a melancholy Shade A pensive Lover to his aid Invoked the God of warm desire

Allegro ma non troppo

Love heard him and to gain the Maid did this Success full thought inspire

Take her Humour, smile, be gay, In her

favrite Follies join Thats the Charm will make her thine Thats the Charm will make her thine

Set to Musick by W. Morgan

That's ỹ Charm will make her thine Take her Humour.

Smile be gay, In her fav'rite Follies join, That's ỹ Cha..... rm will make her thine Take her Humour

Smile be gay Take her Humour, Smile be gay, In her fa..... vrite Follies join That's ỹ

Sq:

Charm will make her thine That's ỹ Charm will make her thine That's ỹ Charm will make her thine

Sq:

Cast thy Serious Looks away, Freely courting Toying Sporting Sooth her Hours with

Amrous Play, Freely courting Toying Sporting Soo..... th her Hours with Amrous Play.

On a Lady being Drown'd

Set by T. Heighington

Slow

Fast by the

Margin of the Sea and on the damp & Shell by Shore

Sym.

A

Swain in pensive Posture lay and thus his hard mishap de plore

his hard mishap deplore.

Sym.

O cruel Fate, Ah, hapless Hour
When I and Celia sail'd the Deep
When hush'd by some deluding Pow'r
The Winds & Waves were laid a Sleep
The Winds were laid a Sleep

Too soon alas the peaceful Scene,
Chang'd to a Storm the Tempest roar
The Sky look'd black & Smoaking main,
Dash'd its fierce Waves against the Shoar:
Fierce Waves against the Shear.

I was than my Heart wept drops of Blood
And like the Ship was rent in twain
When Celia founder'd in the Flood
Sunk, Struggl'd, rose, & Sunk again,
Sunk, rose, and Sunk again.

I thrice did I plunge beneath the Waves
To catch the Sinking panting Fair
I once made a vain attempt to Save,
Sh' reck'd I rav'd in mad Despair
I rav'd in mad Despair

I (on) fain would Damon then have dy'd
And hurry'd to the World beneath,
To Seek his Love, and by her Side
Lament her too untimely Death
her too untimely Death

The happy Swain

Set by Mr Worgan

As Damon in a Summers day Beneath a shade, began his Lay, The Waters murmuring

:S:

pass'd along, Well pleas'd to hear their Damon Song His Theme was love for

:S:

Delias Charms Had won it, Shepherd to her arms Had won it, Shepherd to her Arms

How bless'd am I who only know,
The Joys of Love that ever flow
Dear Scenes of Pleasures now appear
And Love is all a Damons Care
Hear then ye warbling Birds & Groves,
That Delias kind & Damon Loves.

Delia as Morn is true and Fair,
Sweet as the Rose and Violet are:
Our Hearts in mutual bliss shall Live,
No more can bounteous Nature give:
And every Tree our Passion tell
That Shepherds liv'd & Lov'd so well

FLUTE

:S:

fz

:S:

fz

A new Song—

Sym. Set by Mr Crookenden

All. When with good Wine &

Tal-lys crown'd And full Bumpers move around How briskly does the Spirits

flow the Countenance how lovely glow How briskly

does the Spirits flow the Counten ance how lovely glo

w the Countenance how lovely glow.

Beauties may boast the Charms of Paint
Those Graces to the Eyes are faint
Nought but the Bottle Charms Supplys
And gives a Lustre that never dies

Roger and Sue a Ballad

Andante

One morn sweet Sue, a pail or tow of water driven in slipshod shoe, when Joe was nearly frozen; when

falling from the Rump first dash upon her Rump a great & mighty bump swell'd on her Buttocks plump it

smarts, it burns it akes by turns, all over I'm sure she loud did roar I ne'en shall more my ware restore to

Chamas in was wont be fore: alas, oh cruel cursed disti ny would if Devil had the Rump for

me Young Hedge who wrkd hard by her; from pug Skye chanc'd to Spy her: which

raisd the Clowns de sire, Soon as he heard her roar & yelp he ran & offer'd her his help: be

To a Favourite Air by Sig.r Hasse.

gone she cry'd you Saucy nhelp & leave me: but for this Sad disaster. I sure must have a Plaister then

if you can't relave me. Oh straight if cure begin. Oh Roger: Roger quick. Oh Roger: Rog.r quick. Oh quick ly."

Salve apply.d Sucky's coon will faint & die. Oh quick your Salve apply or Sucky soon will faint and die

For the German Flute

Female Fortitude

Sym — Set by Mr Rubsel

Andante

Young Daphne brightest Creature that e'er did Heart ensnare, Was blest wth all that Nature could lavish

on the Fair: could lavish on the Fair: For her each Youth did languish & told their amrous smart; What

tho' she mock'd their anguish, yet Strephon won her heart, yet Strephon won her heart

The Stripling Swore, for ever
He'd true and constant prove
He was a youth so clever,
That she repaid his Love
But Death their joys resenting
Of Strephon made a Prize
O Pow'rs unrelenting
To close the Shepheds Eyes

Now sobbing, pining crying,
The Beauteous Widow ran,
And vow'd in endless Sighing,
To weep her constant Man:
But Corydon the Rover —
To Court her did prepare
And thought another Love'r
Might not displease if Fair

With Boldness he advances,
The Fair his Love denies,
Still irresistless Glances,
Shot flashing from his Eyes
With Oaths & Vows assailing
He wipes each Tear swoln cheek
Untill his Love prevailing
He Weds her in a Week

A Favourite Song

See Stella as your Health re turns all Nature does her Charms re new

Phœbus with greater Lustre Burns who feils his Face in Grief for you

No longer Iris sheds her Tears the Zephyrs softer Breezes blow

Flora in all her Pride ap pears & Streams in Dimpling gladness flow

Wonder not then too charming Maid
To see your Shyness Sympathize
Excess of joy has Love betray'd
And I no longer can dis guise
Not Adam when in Eden blest
Did a more rapt'rous Trans port prove
When the fair Partner of his Breast
First met his Eyes & taught him Love

Flute

The Fickle Swain

Sy: Set by Mr. Hodson

Affetuoso

From Clime to Clime my Heart does rove Smels evry Sweet yet

dares not love Smels evry Sweet yet dares not love With wanton

Beauty often find But ah! how vain when heer admird

I sing I Toy with ev'ry Art,
Invade the tender Virgins Heart.
In gentle murmers tell my pain,
But Tears are Idle, Vows are vain.

Ye Gods! am I the man alone
Of Love & Beauty doomd the Scorn
Must Sordid Gold the mind controul
Enslave the will, & bribe the Soul.

With strick Scorn I'll treat the Sex
And never with Love my Heart perplex
Till Cupid sends some generous Fair
To Ease my Grief & end my Care

As thus the pensive Swain stood
And sighing view'd the fluent Flood
The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn
And thus replyd from vocal Horn

Forbear Dear Youth the plaintive Song
Nor fondly censure Fate with Wrong
'Tis fickle Strephon coldly flies
And constant Amaryllis dies

Flute

Celia

Set by Mr Crookenden

As Celia in her Garden Strayd Secure nor Dreamt of harm A

Bee approachd y Lovely Maid & rested on her Arm

The Curious insect thither flew To taste the temping bloom: But

with a thousand sweet invention sounds a Suddendoom.

Her nimble hand of Life bereavd
The darling little Thing
But first the Snowy Arm receivd
And felt the painfull Sting
Oh would y Short Livd burning Smart
The Nymph to pitty move
And teach her to regard the heart
The fires with endless Love

Flute

The Dream on Anacreon

Set by D'Haghington

Balletto

When gentle Sleep soft charm'd my Breast &

lull'd my Sense as all to rest w^th my deluded Eyes I seem'd I seem'd to view Anacreon by his I

dream'd A Garland on his Head he wore & in his Hand a Lyre he bore

Harmonious Sounds around him broke in melting strains w^ch he spoke

And as he touch'd the dancing Strings
The Loves that waited clap'd their Wings
Old he appear'd but Silver Hair
That made if made him old had made him fair
His Beauties like the Roses Shone
His Smiles were cheerful as the Wine
A Cupid led the reeling Bard
At once his Conduct and his Guard

His Wreath he took his Wreath that Spread
Fresh blooming Glorys round his Head
And with a Smile said he receive receive
The noblest Present I can give
With joy I own'd my homage paid
Bow'd of the Present w^ch he made
The fragrant Flow'rs breathd sweets divine
That Smelt of him and he of Wine

Then unadvis'd with speedless haste
The Chaplett on my Brows I placed
The Chaplett warmd with gay desire
Breathd gentle gentle Flames of Love inspire
Now in my Blood Anacreon Reigns
Love and Anacreon fill my Veins
To his soft Strains my Passion move
Untill I'm wholely lost in Love

FINIS